Ice-Cream Alley

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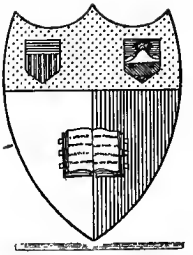

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ICE-CREAM ALLEY

HENRY ALBERT COLLINS

The auto kicked back and broke Dick's arm. See page 13.

ICE-CREAM ALLEY

A NOVEL

BY HENRY ALBERT COLLINS
"The Life Annuity Man"

PEORIA, ILL.
J. W. FRANKS & SONS
1918

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For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

Isaiah LV: 10-11

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Chapter I

A NEW DEAL

I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 't was said to me.
—Sir Walter Scott.

ON A summer day as Reverend Elias Crawford and his good wife were leisurely driving their old bay horse along the road to Riverside a high-powered touring car dashed by them.

Turning to his wife he remarked, "There goes brother Black. Alas! he might have been a great blessing to Riverside. Oh, if I were in his place how much good I could do."

"Fret not thyself because of evil men, neither be thou envious at the wicked," replied his wife, tenderly.

"I thank you, dear wife, for your reproof. The Lord knows that few men can stand prosperity and not lose their religion, so he has not given us much of this world's goods. Yet I can say with the psalmist: 'I have been young, and now I am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' "

"Yes, my dear, it is also written, 'Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.' "

Elias Crawford was once pastor of the Central Church of Jamestown. But, like a cast-off garment, he had long since been laid on the shelf, and the people had turned aside after the devices of their own hearts.

He had visited the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and kept himself unspotted from the world.

His salary had always been insufficient and usually from one to six months in arrears. The few extra dollars that he received from marriage fees and funerals helped to keep the wolf from his door.

They owned their little home in the outskirts of town. Their small garden partially supplied them with fruit and vegetables. They inherited forty acres of land in a neighboring county, the income of which helped to provide them with the bare necessities of life. They kept a horse, which had seen its best days, so that they could visit some of their old friends. And they owned a good Holstein cow which had been given to them.

The people of Jamestown had long since lost their interest in the Church, and when, for lack of support, Reverend Crawford quit preaching the people did not try to get another man to fill the pulpit, nor did he try to secure another charge.

The church had been closed for nearly four years. It, too, showed the ravages of time.

Presto; change! The dawning of a new day was at hand. It was Saturday morning—the day before the great baseball game—when a young stranger came to Jamestown. He was over six feet in height, a splendid physique, strong, courageous, and clean of heart.

It was an established custom for the first Sunday in June to be set aside for the first baseball game of the season between the Riverside and Jamestown clubs.

Great preparations had been made by the citizens of Jamestown to welcome the Riverside club, and also to defeat them in the most approved fashion.

The newspapers had given much space to write-ups about the clubs and the opening game. Banners were stretched across the streets, cards were in all of the store windows and a bulletin board at the post-office proclaimed the coming game.

There had been for two years a strong rivalry between these clubs. Two years ago the local club had won the series. Last year the Riverside club had snatched the victory from them; but some said it was due to an unfair decision of the umpire.

The winning club had won the first game each season. Excitement ran high and everybody in Jamestown was hoping that the local club would win the first game.

The Jamestown club had been practising every afternoon and twice on Sunday the past two weeks.

Dick Crawford, the retired preacher's son, who had the reputation of being the worst boy in town, was the pitcher for the Jamestown club.

On his way down town early on Saturday morning he stopped to crank an automobile for a neighbor who had offered him a ride. The auto kicked back and broke Dick's arm. The doctor said that it would be at least two months before Dick could pitch a ball.

Despair was written on all the faces of the baseball boys when they heard of the accident. When they met that afternoon, at the baseball grounds, each looked at the other and anxiously inquired, "What shall we do?"

Jack McCloud, the manager, said, "Let's go and see Dick. Possibly he can advise us what to do."

"Agreed," they cried with one accord.

It was a sorry crowd that filed into Dick's room.

"Boys, you see I am laid up for repairs," said Dick, making a ludicrous face as he greeted them. "But, say, there's a new baseball man in town. He was pitcher in our club at the university. Oh, he's a crackerjack! If you could only get him to play I know that we'd win the game. But," he added, sorrowful, "he won't play ball on Sunday."

"What-do-you-know-about-that?" they cried.

"Not play ball on Sunday! Why, what's the matter with him? Don't he know that Sunday is the best day of all the week to play ball? Who is he? I bet that I can get him to play ball," boastingly said one of the boys.

"I bet you can't, either, smarty. He's going to overhaul the works in dad's church this summer, and get it in running order again. Mebbe you'll like to help him so as to get your name in the papers," sneeringly said Dick.

"A sky pilot! Oh, the devil!" disgustingly said the man. "But let me tell you, boys, he's struck the wrong burg this time for his religious stunt."

"Do you know him, Dick?" asked the baseball manager.

"Know him? Of course I do. He's the finest guy this side of the north pole. His right name is Eugene Maxfield, but he has such all-fired red hair the boys call him Reddy."

"Where is he? Come on, Dick, take us to see him," cried the boys.

"Not on your life! I wouldn't ask him to play ball on Sunday, not even for a wagon-load of mince pies, and you fellows know how I am stuck on 'the kind that mother makes.' "

Chapter II

A PROPOSITION

A man to his mission
  Is faithful and true,
When he does with his might
  What his hands find to do.
—John McLeod Sutherland.

WHEN the boys left Dick's room to go to the athletic field for practice they were hoping, like Micawber, that something would turn up.

After various suggestions were discussed pro and con it was voted to send a committee of three to interview the new preacher. They were instructed to explain the situation to him, that they were unable on such short notice to get a good pitcher to take Dick's place, and to ask him if, under the circumstances, he would not play ball with them on Sunday.

The committee found the young preacher at the hotel. Each boy gave the preacher his version of the situation.

But before giving them his answer Reddy Maxfield asked the committee to take him to the field where the boys were practising.

Hope sprang up anew in the hearts of the baseball boys when they saw the committee bringing the newcomer to the field.

When the preacher was introduced and had shaken hands with the boys, he asked them to tell him the history of the baseball games between the two teams. He also inquired of each boy personally about his family, his past life, his habits, his occupation, and his desires.

"What's all that got to do with your playing ball with us tomorrow? What's up your sleeve, parson? Will you play with us or not?" impatiently asked the manager.

The preacher hesitated a moment and said: "Boys, I surely love to play baseball, but I have never played on Sunday because I do not approve of Sunday baseball playing. If you will—"

Jack McCloud, the manager, did not wait for the preacher to finish his speech, but, as he turned on his heel, he sneeringly said, "Nothing doing, parson! We don't want to have anything to do with a white-livered psalm singer. Good night!"

"Wait a moment and listen to me," said Mr. Maxfield, as the blood surged to his face, "if I give you my answer inside of half an hour, will that do?"

"Yes, but why keep us waiting so long?"

"Well your proposition is rather unusual and I would like to have a little time to think it over. I will walk over to the hotel and be back inside of thirty minutes."

"All right, parson, we'll wait and see if you've got red blood in your veins."

Rev. Eugene Maxfield was up against a hard proposition. If he did not play baseball the next day the boys would think he was a mollycoddle, and he feared that he would lose their confidence and respect. If he played baseball on

Sunday he would have to sacrifice the conscientious principles that had been so thoroughly drilled into him by his sainted mother.

As he pondered the matter over in his mind he was troubled. He wanted to do the right thing so that his work in Jamestown would prosper. He had an intense love for souls. He did not want to put a barrier between the boys and himself. What should he do? He remembered it is written: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

As the preacher, absorbed with his thoughts, walked leisurely toward the hotel, a boy came bounding out of the hotel office and, seeing a couple of boys about his own size on the opposite side of the street, cried, "Say, fellows, there's a new baseball man in town. My brother says he has just gone out to the baseball field. Let's go and see if he's any good."

That was the spark that ignited the fiery disposition of Eugene Maxfield. Like a flash he turned and retraced his steps saying to himself, "I'll show the people of this town whether I'm any good or not. I'm no slacker."

When the baseball boys saw the preacher coming they gave him a rousing cheer, for they had an intuition that he would play ball with them on Sunday.

When the noise subsided Eugene Maxfield said, "Boys, if you will come to the church tomorrow morning, dressed in your baseball suits, and sit in the front pews, I will play ball with you tomorrow afternoon."

"Say, parson, that's too hard a stunt for us. Besides, we want to practise tomorrow morning. Cut out your spiel in the morning. Nobody goes to church in this town, anyhow, and mebbe we'll come and hear you preach tomorrow night."

"Boys, you have heard my offer. I want to see you win this game and, if you accept my terms, I'll do my best to help you win it. I'll pledge you my word that I won't roast you. You'll come, won't you?" pleadingly begged Eugene Maxfield.

The boys looked at their manager, and he looked at the preacher, and seeing the determined look upon Reddy's face, the manager said, "I believe we had better do it, boys. He's got us where the hair is short. We're up against it good and aplenty, and the preacher has a chance to pinch us hard. I guess we can cough up some coin when the hat is passed, for I see that he is out for the dough."

After much debate every man agreed to the proposition.

Then the preacher pulled off his coat and they practised for more than an hour together.

Every man felt confident of winning the game when he saw with what skill and strength the young preacher could pitch, bat, and run.

In parting Eugene Maxfield said, "Boys, remember you have promised to be at the church tomorrow morning. If one of you fails to be there, it will excuse me from playing ball with you tomorrow afternoon."

"Yes, parson, we understand your terms, and we'll be there all right, but don't keep us in the Amen house too

long. We're not used to going to gospel seances, and it makes us sleepy to stay in the house too long."

Eugene Maxfield laughed and said, "I assure you that the sermon will not exceed thirty minutes and there will be ample ventilation, so you will not get sleepy.

"I will put notices on the church doors and on the blackboard at the post-office that the Jamestown baseball team will attend church services at the Central Church tomorrow morning. Will you please help me advertise the services?"

"Sure we will," answered the boys as they nudged each other.

"Please bring Dick Crawford with you to the church if he is well enough to come," said the preacher.

Every man entered heartily into the novelty of the situation and widely advertised the church service, but, I am sorry to say, they considered the whole thing as a good joke.

Chapter III

THE SERMON

Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.
—Tagore.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Crawford returned home on Saturday evening, from their visit to relatives near Riverside, Dick was sitting on the front porch.

As his parents drove in the yard, Dick called out, "Say, dad, you ought to see the game tomorrow. Reddy's in the box."

"Richard, my son!" said the astonished father, "What is that you remarked?"

"I said, dad, Reddy Maxfield is in town, and he's going to pitch ball for us tomorrow."

"I do not quite understand you, Richard."

"I said," repeated Dick, "that Reddy Maxfield came to town this morning. He's going to preach in your church tomorrow morning and then play baseball with our club in the afternoon. We're going to knock the socks off of those Riverside fellows. Is that plain?"

"Richard, you are surely mistaken. Ministers of the gospel do not play baseball on the Sabbath day."

"Not on your life, dad, am I mistaken. Reddy Maxfield is nobody's fool. He's found out on which side his bread is buttered in this town."

"My son, I can scarcely comprehend your remarks. You know that I do not approve of boisterousness, and I have never attended a baseball game in my life."

"It might be better for your liver if you did," said Dick, with a chuckle.

Noticing that Dick had his arm in a sling Mr. Crawford asked, "Richard, have you met with a misfortune?"

"Yes, dad. Doctor Parker said it was radi fracto fordus."

"What is that, my son?"

"Why, dad, can't you see it's broke?"

Sunday morning the sun hid its face as if it were ashamed of the proposed desecration of the Sabbath day. Lowering clouds threatened to shed tears. Yet, nevertheless, the baseball team were out early practising for the game.

The new pitcher seemed to be at his best. The boys were elated with the prospect of winning the game. About ten o'clock, dressed in their baseball suits, they proceeded in a body to the church. Jack McCloud and the preacher headed the procession. Dick Crawford marched proudly in line, his arm being in a sling.

Dick's father and mother, according to their custom, were among the first persons to arrive at the church. Mr. Crawford taking a seat on the platform as usual, taking it for granted that the young preacher would expect him to conduct the services, or at least take some part therein.

The congregation was small—only a few women, two men, and three children, besides the baseball players.

The novelty of the occasion caused quite a number of young fellows to follow the baseball team to the church, but

they did not go in. Curiosity as to the next move of the young preacher, however, caused them to linger outside.

The few old hymn books—all tattered and torn—were distributed to the congregation by one of the children.

Instead of Eugene Maxfield going on to the platform, as was customary, he stood in front of the pulpit and taking a hymn book in his hand said, "Let us sing:

Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek.
Waiting in his courts today:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest."

A new thrill swept over the audience as Eugene Maxfield sang that hymn. The baseball men did not attempt to sing, and he did not urge them to do so. When the hymn was ended he knelt by his chair and talked with God.

In his prayer he said, "My Father, thou knowest that I love thee and that my great desire is 'to be all things to all men, that I might by all means save some.' Wilt thou not bless this service held in thy name? And help us also to win the baseball game today. O God, some one here may have a Christian mother who has often prayed that her son might be saved from his sins. Wilt thou not hear and answer her prayer? * * * * O God, hear our united petitions for thy name's sake. Amen."

When the prayer was ended, the preacher arose and wiped his eyes.

One of the children turned to her mother and said, "Ma, what are you crying about?"

Eugene Maxfield did not take any text for his sermon that morning. In a few well-chosen words he introduced himself to the congregation. He said, "Yesterday morning I called to see the former pastor of this Church. His son told me that his parents were out of town. Being a stranger here I came over to the church, and finding the door unlocked, I borrowed a broom and swept it out," and pointing to the pulpit, he said, "I placed 'Old Glory' there.

"While I was resting, I opened this old Book at random and read where the Master told his disciples to go out and follow a man bearing a pitcher of water. I knelt down where I am now standing and asked God to direct my paths. Then I went out for a walk, but I did not see any man carrying a pitcher of water. Being tired, I retraced my steps and went to my room at the hotel to write some letters. Three of you young men found me there and made known your request, and I took it as an indication of God's will that I should follow you.

"I frankly admit that I love a clean game of baseball, but I do not approve of playing on Sunday. I was much pleased with your replies to the numerous questions which I asked you about your personal lives. I hoped, however, to persuade you not to play ball on Sunday. After your refusal to listen to my suggestion 'I was in a strait betwixt two,' as St. Paul said when he wrote from his prison cell to the Church at Philippi.

"As I was walking toward the hotel I had almost made up my mind to reject your invitation, but when I reached the hotel a boy came out of the office and calling to a couple of his chums made a remark that caused me to throw discre-

tion to the winds, and I hastily decided to play the game with you today. Having pledged you my word I was like Jephthah of old who, having opened his mouth, could not go back.

"Baseball is our national game, and it is a clean, manly sport. I am glad that you do not have any betting on your games, and that your business men take so much interest in our home team."

Taking a step nearer the baseball men, Eugene Maxfield said, "Boys, I did not sleep a wink last night. I spent the night in earnest prayer that God would help me win you to Christ, and that as a means to this end he would let us win the game this afternoon. If I have made a mistake in agreeing to play with you I humbly ask God to pardon my rash promise.

"Yesterday I inquired of you concerning yourselves, now let me say something about myself; I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth; I believe his only Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, was conceived by the Holy Ghost, was born of the virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified on the cross, died for our sins, was buried in Joseph's sepulchre, rose from the tomb and ascended to his father's throne to make intercession for all who call upon his name.

"I believe that we are chosen of God to be fishers of men —laborers together with God; that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap; that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation; I believe that we each have a work to perform for our Maker; that we are rewarded according to the deeds done

in the body; that we are commanded to lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven; that a mansion on high has been prepared for all who love and serve God; and if we are faithful to our trust we shall hear the words, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord'; and, that when life's warfare is ended we shall receive a crown of righteousness.

"Now, let's go and eat our dinners, but let us be temperate in our eating lest we lose the game."

There was no collection, no more singing, and no benediction. But at the close of the service each quietly went his way deeply touched by the earnestness of the young preacher.

Chapter IV

THE BASEBALL GAME

> And only the Master shall praise us,
> and only the Master shall blame.
>
> —Kipling.

WHILE Mr. Maxfield was shaking hands with the congregation Rev. Elias Crawford invited him to go home with them for dinner.

At the table Mr. Crawford returned thanks and asked God to show the young brother the error of playing baseball. He told the young minister that he did not sanction playing ball. He said, "If you play the game on Sunday, the community will not have any faith in your religion."

"Come off, dad," broke in Dick. "Give Reddy a chance for his life. He's going to win the game this afternoon."

When the dessert was served Mr. Crawford said, "Brother Maxfield, please do not go to the baseball grounds this afternoon. I think baseball is a very sinful game—a device of the Devil to lead men astray."

"Put in a new record, dad! We've heard that tune before," said Dick, impulsively, as he arose from his chair.

"Brother Crawford," said Eugene Maxfield, "you heard what I said at the church this morning. I've given my word to the young men that I would play ball with them this afternoon. They kept their promise to attend church this morning and I must keep my word with them. You know that it is written: 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.'"

"But, my brother, if you play baseball you will associate with men who are breaking the ten commandments."

"Why, how's that?" inquired Eugene Maxfield.

Mr. Crawford folded his hands and said, "I heard a man say that every man who plays baseball will steal all the bases he can. When I asked Richard if that were true, he laughed heartily, and said, 'You're tender, dad. Come and see.' "

"Say, dad, come with us this afternoon," begged Dick. "I'll introduce you to our baseball boys, and you'll have the time of your life."

"Son, I have no time for squandering." Then he turned to Mr. Maxfield and said, "My brother, you omitted the collection this morning. We cannot afford to miss that part of the service."

"Brother Crawford," replied Eugene Maxfield, "the Word tells us: 'To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose.' In my judgment the time is not ripe to raise money for our church work."

"Brother Maxfield, if you had stood on the platform this morning and preached a regular sermon it would have been more dignified."

"That's so, my brother, but I desire to do as Christ did—get close to the people—and from the depths of my heart preach the Word."

After dinner the young preacher put on Dick Crawford's baseball suit and he and Dick set forth for the baseball grounds.

The Riverside team was already on hand and practising when he and Dick arrived at the field.

"There he is!" "He looks good to me!" and other excla-

mations were heard as the two men walked out to where the umpire stood.

Never in the history of Jamestown had there been as large a crowd on these grounds as assembled that day.

Just before the game commenced the clouds parted and the sun came out. This was regarded as a good omen.

Quite a crowd of young folks came over with the Riverside team. They came in autos, there being no direct railroad communication between the two cities.

Dick Crawford, despite his broken arm, led the fans in rooting for the home team.

When the Riverside team scored their first run, Dick said to one of his companions, "Just before leaving home my dad said to me, 'Richard, let the strangers win the game. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.' Now, don't that jar you? I told him that he loved to sing, 'Loyalty to Christ,' but that he was not loyal to our baseball team."

The game went on without much advantage to either side until the last half of the eighth inning. The score stood seven to six in favor of Riverside, with the Jamestown team at the bat. There were two men out and two men on bases when Eugene Maxfield went to the bat.

Never before had the Jamestown people felt as much interest in the game as at this crucial moment.

The preacher carefully selected a bat, and closely scrutinized the field. A keen observer would have noticed a slight closing of his eyes and a momentary movement of his lips as he took his place.

After the first ball was pitched the umpire cried, "Ball, one." As the second ball came, directly over the plate, the

preacher made a desperate effort and striking the ball squarely drove it far to the rear of the right fielder, and thus reached third base. A wild throw enabled him to reach the home plate safely.

The crowd jumped to their feet, waved their arms, tossed up their hats, and yelled at the top of their voices.

At the beginning of the ninth inning the preacher asked the baseball manager for permission to make an announcement at the close of the game.

The Riverside team failed to score in the ninth inning.

As the crowd started to leave, Eugene Maxfield called out: "Wait a minute. I've something to tell you. Friends, before I hit that ball I asked God to help me. Do you believe that God answers prayer?

"Before we separate I wish to invite you to a Get-acquainted social at our church tonight. There will be no preaching, but we will have a short song service.

"I have a very important announcement to make this evening, and I am sure that you will want to hear it.

"We cordially invite our Riverside friends to stay over and be our guests. Now, all who will promise to be at the social tonight please hold up your hands." The vote was almost unanimous.

The heart of the young preacher was made glad when he saw the ready response to his invitation.

After the game the baseball fellows crowded around Dick and thanked him for putting them next to the preacher.

He replied, "Never mind about the soft dope. You know that I go to college to acquire useful information. Reddy only gave you a sample of what he can do. Just wait until he gets fairly started and you'll see the sparks fly."

Chapter V

GET-TOGETHER SOCIAL

Here's to you that are here, to you that are there, and to the rest of us everywhere.
—Kipling.

EUGENE MAXFIELD hurried to Mr. Crawford's house and changed his clothes. Just as he was leaving the house Mr. Crawford said, "Brother Maxfield, come and sit down, I want to talk to you about our Church."

"Please excuse me, brother Crawford, I will see you again about this matter."

Mr. Maxfield hastened to the county jail to see the sheriff. He asked him for permission to use the court-house square some evening for a social for the Jamestown and Riverside baseball clubs. After asking the preacher a few questions the request was cheerfully granted.

When the minister was out of hearing, the sheriff turned to his wife and said, "That new preacher is a live wire. He evidently believes the old proverb, 'You must scratch the people where they itch.' I'll bet he does something worth while here. Oh, by-the-way, they're going to have a social out at Central Church tonight. You'd better go and see what they do."

Eugene Maxfield's next move was to call on some of the church women. He invited them to the social and asked their co-operation to make it a success.

At an early hour the church was filled with young people. The minister quickly made friends with one and all.

In order to be better seen and heard the preacher mounted a chair and said, "Hear me! I propose that we invite our Riverside friends and their sweethearts over to a fried chicken dinner in the court-house yard some evening this week. What do you say about it?"

"Second the motion," came from the lips of a dozen people.

"You can't get the court-house square," said one of the elderly ladies, in a shrill, piping voice.

"I beg your pardon, madam, but the sheriff told me this afternoon that he would let us have the use of the court-house yard for a social."

The sister's remark recalled the old saying, "Poor practice in the pew prevents good preaching in the pulpit being effective."

Thursday evening was selected for the dinner. Many willing workers offered their services to help with the dinner.

After several hymns had been sung, the young folks amused themselves by trying to see who could tell the biggest yarn.

One boy in telling of a storm that he saw said that "It rained so hard that the ducks flying overhead had to fold their wings and paddle with their feet." This fairy story caused a general roar of laughter.

Hearing the young people giggling in the back of the church, the preacher turned to see the cause. Dick said,

"Oh, Reddy, come here. We've got a riddle for you to guess."

"What is it?" he asked.

"Why is the new preacher like Alice Horner's new hat?"

Eugene Maxfield looked around the room, hesitated a few moments and said, "I am sure I don't know."

"Both are imported creations," said Dick, laughing heartily at the joke.

"Well, girls, here's a riddle for you," said the preacher as he slyly nudged Dick. "Why is our friend Dick like an inscription on a wedding announcement card?"

After much guessing and many laughable mistakes they all had to give it up.

"Why, that's an easy one," said the preacher. "Because he feels so much 'at home.' "

As the social adjourned about midnight the crowd yelled: "What's the matter with Reddy Maxfield? He's all right! Who's all right? Reddy Maxfield."

After the strenuous day's work Eugene Maxfield was very weary, but before retiring he thanked God for the privilege of preaching the Word, for the baseball victory, and for the successful song service. The burden of his prayer was that he might be given wisdom, strength, and tact to win the people to Christ.

When Dick Crawford returned home after the social his father met him in the hall and said, "My son, you deserve to be punished severely."

"What's crosswise now, dad?"

"Richard, you are the guilty one, you have caused all this desecration of the Sabbath day."

"How so, dad?"

"Brother Black was here about an hour ago and he told me about the noise and hilarity at our church this evening."

"What did he say?" asked Dick.

"He said there was no church service, and he thought Mr. Maxfield should be arrested for causing so much disturbance on the Sabbath day."

"Come off the perch, dad. Old man Black rooted for our side at the baseball game today, and he made as much noise as anybody."

"Well, Richard, you should have expostulated with brother Maxfield this evening."

"Not for me, dad. I hate to interfere in another man's game. Besides, I don't see how I am to blame for what Reddy did."

"If you had refrained from telling the boys about brother Maxfield being able to play ball none of these misfortunes would have overtaken us today. Go to your room and ask divine forgiveness, Richard."

"All right, dad, and tomorrow I'll get you a baseball primer to study so that you will know a good thing when it bumps up against you."

"Richard Crawford! I trust by morning you will see the error of your way."

Chapter VI

BLUE MONDAY

> Cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter.
>
> —St. Matthew.

IT WAS late Monday morning when Eugene Maxfield was aroused from his sleep by a knock at his door. The messenger said he was wanted at the telephone.

Dressing hastily he answered the call and found that Reverend Elias Crawford was very anxious for him to call at his house.

After hastily eating his breakfast he went over to see what he wanted. He was scarcely seated when the old gentleman said, "I was not able to attend divine worship last night. Richard told me that there was a large congregation at the church. I hope you impressed upon them the importance of regularly attending the divine means of grace."

"No, my brother, I certainly did not do so. We had a Get-acquainted social instead of the usual Sunday evening service. Although I have only been here two days yet I have learned that there are forty different orders, societies, and clubs in Jamestown. I am told that the churches are very poorly attended because after a weekly round of business, frivolity, and late hours the people are tired and they put up the plea that they need rest. So they bring out their

machines and hie away to the beaches to study Nature's god or the fashions.

"Now there can be no true democracy when the people, even of a small town, are divided into groups or cliques. I am reminded of a certain conversation between two people. A third person passed them and one said to the other, 'I detest that person.' The other said, 'If you knew him, you would not.' You know 'In union there is strength.' If I am to accomplish anything worth while here we must have the co-operation of the people.

"I think in the management of many of our Churches the young people have been given a back seat. If you would make the Church attractive to the young folks you must give them something to do. They like to see things move, and if they are ignored in the church they will find their enjoyment outside of the church. This social was merely a means to an end, and the young folks enjoyed the innovation. They found on getting acquainted that they had many tastes in common and with a wise leadership they could pull well together.

"For the lack of proper training the people of this town have forsaken the Church and taken up baseball and certain amusements for their recreation. They told me that the Sunday evening church services had degenerated into what is called Sacred Concerts."

As Dick Crawford entered the parlor he heard his father say, "Why, brother Maxfield! I surely tried to train these people in the way of righteousness, but they would not listen to my admonitions. I think we had better begin a revival meeting at once."

"Say, dad," exclaimed Dick, "cut it out. You've had your innings. Let Reddy make a home run. I'll help him."

"Richard! Richard!" said the father. "You should speak more respectfully about religious matters."

"That's all right, dad, but you let the people here get away from you. If you go hunting after the folks of this burg you'll have to get a bigger gun or get closer to the game," retorted Dick.

Rev. Crawford turned to the young preacher and said, "Brother Maxfield, I am anxious for you to succeed in your work here; but I fear you have made a bad start. St. James says, 'Know ye not that the friendship of this world is enmity with God?' The Church must be spiritual if it fulfils its mission. It has pleased God by 'the foolishness of preaching' to save the world. Will you not abstain from the association of the baseball players?"

Eugene Maxfield, after thoughtfully considering the old man's remark said, "Brother Crawford, I thank you for your kindly interest in my behalf. You, however, misjudge my methods of work. St. Paul in writing to the Church at Corinth said, 'Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual.' I cannot promise to hold myself aloof from those outside the fold for whom Christ died. It is my earnest desire to be all things to all men so that I may save some. I sincerely hope that God will richly bless this Church and make it a power for good in this community."

"Well, brother Maxfield," continued the aged preacher, "my wife and I want you to come and live with us. We have a spare room that you are welcome to use. I want to

help you guide the footsteps of our town people. It has been my earnest prayer that our son should enter the ministry, and to that end we sent him to our university. Alas! I fear that he has strayed far from the right path, for he seems to be more interested in baseball than in religious matters."

"I thank you, brother Crawford, for your kind invitation, but I cannot accept it. The Lord led me into the camp of the baseball boys, and I trust it may please him to make me 'a fisher of men' among them. For the present it is best for me to stay at the hotel. I believe that your son will be willing to help me minister to this people."

"God grant it," said the father, reverently, but shaking his head doubtfully he added, "I do not see how he can help you, for he is so worldly-minded."

"Time will tell. 'All's well that ends well,' " laughingly quoted the young minister.

"Brother Maxfield, Mrs. Crawford and I would like to clean the church. It has been many years since it had a good cleaning. We can get sister Holmes to help us."

Eugene Maxfield looked at Dick, and with a sly wink said, "Before we clean the church building, let's clean up some of the Church members. 'Painting the pump don't sweeten the water.' "

"That's the stuff, Reddy! Now you've hit the ball. That's good for a home run. Go to it!"

"My son! My son! Refrain from such uncharitable language."

"Say, dad, you mean all right, but you can't umpire this game. Reddy's got the goods, and he's going to deliver

them. He never throws a wild ball, and he's going to score in this town all right. Just you wait until the end of the game."

After lunch when Mrs. Crawford and Dick were alone on the porch she said, "Say, Dick, what makes you so disrespectful towards your father?"

"I don't know, mother dear, somehow dad and I never did get along well together. I can't remember the time that he ever played with me. Whenever I asked him a question he always said, 'Don't bother me. Ask your mother.'

"I surely love you, mother dear, but I can't say that dad and I have much love for each other."

"Oh, yes, Dick, your father often tells me how much he loves you."

"Well, he takes a mighty poor way to show it," said Dick. "Don't you remember he used to lick me every day?"

"Yes, Dick, your father believes literally every word of the Bible. In Proverbs it says: 'Withhold not correction from the child; for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die.' Your father did not want you to die."

"Well, mother dear, I wish that he was like some other fathers that I know. When dad was made I guess they were short on sugar, and the milk of human kindness was certainly sour in his case, for he seems to think it a sin to laugh."

"Dick, your father says the only place in the New Testament where laughter is mentioned was at a funeral."

"Well, mother, some men are so humorous that even at a funeral they often make people laugh."

"Now, Dick, in the future please try to be more respectful to your father, at least for my sake."

"All right, mother dear, I'll try to do so for your sake," and with a hug and a kiss he left the porch, whistling:

"In Dixie lan' whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingun batter,
Makes me fat or a little fatter,
Away down south in Dixie.
Den hoe it down an' scratch your gabble,
To Mammy's lan' I'se boun' to trabble,
Away down south in Dixie."

Chapter VII

DEAD TIMBER

He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of heaven
To serve the devil in.
—Pollok.

MONDAY afternoon Eugene Maxfield again called on Rev. Crawford. After passing the time of day he said, "Brother Crawford, I want to have a confidential talk with you.

"Last Saturday evening Mr. Black called at the hotel and said to me, 'We didn't send for you to come here, and if you run with that baseball crowd you needn't expect us to pay your salary.'

"I have since learned that he is one of the officers in the Central Church. He said, however, he never attended prayer-meeting. I cannot understand how a Church official who does not regularly attend prayer-meeting can conscientiously discharge the duties of his office. If a lodge man does not attend the lodge meetings he is not given an office. Surely the Church should exercise more care than the lodge in choosing its officers. Undoubtedly you have heard it said that 'the prayer-meeting is the thermometer of the Church.' "

Dick Crawford could no longer hold his tongue. He bounced into the room, walked the floor and gritting his teeth said, "That miserable old hypocrite quotes more Scripture and robs more people than any other person in town!

But that's not the worst of it. He tells smutty stories, and uses the most profane language. He's a pretty shining light!

"Why, he keeps beer and whiskey in his cellar all the time. His son-in-law drank his booze and went out and committed suicide. Just because the old money-shark is so rich the Church toadies after him and makes him the chief officer in the Church. No wonder God Almighty does not answer dad's prayers."

"Well, Dick," interrupted the young preacher, "you've heard the old saying, 'A bad man is worse when he pretends to be a saint.' "

"When our business men," continued Dick, "organized our baseball club one of the first rules was that no man who drank booze should be permitted to play. They said it hurt business to have a lot of drunken loafers hanging around town. Many of our baseball fellows are a lot cleaner than some of your Church officers."

"Richard, abstain from such severe criticism. Please go to the post-office and get the mail."

Dick turned on his heel and went down the street whistling Yankee Doodle. In a short time he was back. He dashed into the room, threw the mail into a vacant chair, and said, "Say, Reddy, you've set this old burg on fire. You should have heard the cussin' you got at the post-office."

"Why, Richard," exclaimed his father, in astonishment, "what caused the people to become so offended at brother Maxfield? You informed me at the breakfast table this morning that the people were well-pleased with the way he played ball."

"They said, dad, he'd bust up our Sunday baseball games and spoil this old town."

"That sounds good to me," laughingly said Eugene Maxfield. "The Good Book says, 'Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven.' "

As the young minister left the house, Mr. Crawford said, "I hope, brother Maxfield, that you will call and see us quite often. You cannot imagine how hungry I am for the companionship of my fellowmen. Many times when I have called on the merchants of this town they have not offered me a chair, and when I did sit down they went right on with their work.

"I have a large library, and you are welcome to read any of the books that you desire."

"Don't do it, Reddy. You'll get rusty like my old dad, if you do. Stay in the box until the game is finished."

"Richard Crawford, I am ashamed of you! Why do you always say such dreadful things? Brother Maxfield will think you do not want him to call here."

"Don't worry about Dick, brother Crawford," soothingly said Eugene Maxfield. "He and I understand each other. I believe his heart is all right."

"I fear you are mistaken, brother Maxfield. His speech causes me great anxiety."

"I certainly wish to see you quite often, brother Crawford. Drop into the hotel whenever you are down-town."

Dick followed the young minister down to the front gate. He apologized for his hasty speech. He said, "I try to love

my old dad, but he gets on my nerves. He'd never get to first base if the ball was lost for a week.

"Now, you've got some 'pep,' and that's the stuff it takes these days to win the game.

"Why, God Almighty made the kids to jump and kick, and if there is not enough room to move sideways they'll jump up and down."

"Yes, that is so, Dick. Watch the children playing when school is out," replied the minister.

"Why, even our old horse has sense enough to try to turn somersaults when she is turned out in the lot," interrupted Dick. "If the Church members would make as much noise in the church as they do in the grandstand you'd have to build a mighty big church, for standing room would be at a premium. But the way the Churches are run in this burg there's nothing doing. Say, Reddy, I hope that you'll stir up the dry bones and get something worth while started here."

"For this purpose I was sent here, and whenever you can help me, Dick, I want you to do it."

"All right, Reddy. Shake."

Chapter VIII

A GOOD SAMARITAN

The pulpit is the clergyman's paradise;
The parish is his field of active service.
—Southey.

ON MONDAY evening Eugene Maxfield again called on the old preacher and asked him to tell him about the Church history of Jamestown.

Mr. Crawford said, "Well, I will begin with our church. It is badly located. The name Central Church is a misnomer. Brother Black owned all of this addition to Jamestown. He gave the lot on which the church is located, hoping thereby to enhance the value of his other lots, but since the Williams factory was located on the opposite side of the town this part of Jamestown has depreciated in value.

"We never had much of a congregation. We once had a good prayer-meeting, but very few attended it. I always gave them a mid-week sermon, too. I spent so much time in preparing my sermons that I could not do much visiting, except on our old people.

"We never seemed able to hold the boys and girls in the Sunday School or in the Youths' Circle. I often requested them to stay for the Church services, but if they were restless I reproved them for being disorderly in the house of the Lord.

"The Union Church is, or was, the aristocratic Church. It had a great boom as long as Mr. Emerson lived here, for he paid all the bills. When he moved away the Church apparently died.

"The Park Church membership is made up largely of poor people. Many of the men and some of the women work in the factory. They have preaching service twice a month. They have a very poor building. They have the only Sunday School in town. They have a weekly prayer-meeting which is very spiritual. I attend occasionally when my health permits."

"Who attends their prayer-meetings?" inquired Mr. Maxfield.

"Well, just a few of us old folks. We like to get together and tell our experiences when we first sought and found the Lord."

"Oh, yes, I see. Your motives are all right, but, my brother, pardon me for saying it, you have not kept abreast of the times and the present-day conditions, and I fear you have failed to meet the demands of the times.

"Please tell me something about the former pastors."

Rev. Crawford continued, "Brother Winters, who was pastor of the Union Church, was an eloquent preacher, but he was so exclusive that he made few friends.

"By-the-way, that reminds me of an incident. When Richard was a little boy he and his mother went to hear brother Winters preach one Sunday morning. As he took his place on the platform Richard said, 'Ma, look at that man with those funny clothes on. What's he going to do?' And when the surpliced choir came in, Richard asked in a loud whisper, 'Ma, is them spooks?'

"Brother Middleton, pastor of the Park Church, is an earnest, consecrated man. He asked his people to build a club-house adjoining the church so as to have some place for the young folks to have their social gatherings. Mrs. Stone, the woman who runs that Church, vetoed the suggestion, because she said it would cost too much.

"A first-class evangelist once came to Jamestown to see what were the prospects for holding a union revival meeting. Brother Middleton was in favor of such a meeting. Brother Winters told the evangelist that his Church officials were opposed to a union meeting. He said that if there was a revival that some of the working people would probably be converted, and for his part he did not care to have that class of people join his Church or to even attend it.

"The evangelist saw the futility of holding meetings in a town where the pastors and Church-members threw cold water on the undertaking. He thought that it would be a waste of time to spend two weeks getting the Church-members warmed up to the right spiritual temperature for a revival.

"He said, 'For the lack of intercessory prayer many a so-called revival has been a dead failure. It takes united prayer to throw warm air into the furnace-box on Sunday, and required constant watchfulness to keep the fire burning all the week.'

"Brother Middleton and myself have been much discouraged over the Church prospects. I often tell our people that nothing can be done to build up the Church here."

"On the contrary, brother Crawford, I find conditions most excellent to do a great reconstruction work here. The

successful winner of souls must preach Christ only and him crucified. He said, 'If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me.' The old gospel has not lost its drawing power. Many preachers fail to win souls because they do not stick to the Book. They feel it is their duty to try to explain the mysteries of God which Christ in his last earthly message told us was not for us to know.

"If you will please not interfere with my plans, I think ere long you will see great things come to pass here."

"May I ask what are your plans, brother Maxfield?"

"I am not prepared to say as yet, for we know that

'The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley.'"

"Yes, that's so, but I am anxious to help you."

"Brother Crawford, as I see it, the best thing that you and your good wife can do will be to daily pray that God will have his way with us and that souls may be saved. We are told that 'The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.'

"Please tell me about the Roman Catholic priest and his work," said Eugene Maxfield.

"The priest is a fine gentleman. His parish consists of two or three poor families. Before coming to Jamestown he was doing a great work in the big Catholic Church at Milldale. He and the bishop had some slight disagreement and, as a penance I suppose, the priest was sent here. Many times he has been compelled to fast for the lack of food.

"Some three years ago a tramp came here and was allowed to sleep in the town hall. The next morning it was

found that he had the smallpox. He was quickly hustled to the pest house which is near the cemetery.

"The priest was re-vaccinated. He bought a pair of rubber gloves and some antiseptic and went and took care of the tramp until he recovered. That's what I call being a good Samaritan.

"One day the priest told me he often wished there was a closer fellowship between the pastors and members of the Catholic and Protestant Churches. He certainly has the true brand of religion, for he imitates the example of our Master who went about doing good."

The young minister said, "That's practical applied Christianity. I wish there were more people in the world like him."

Chapter IX

PACKAGE HOUSES

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow?
They that tarry long at the wine.

—Proverb.

"BROTHER CRAWFORD, what attitude does the Catholic priest take on the liquor question?" asked Eugene Maxfield.

"He was the first man here to advocate holding an election on the wet and dry question. I told him there was no use in bringing up that matter because it would only cause strife and contention among our town people," answered Mr. Crawford.

"Did you hold an election?"

"Yes, we held two elections, two years apart. The first turned out as I predicted.

"The three saloons we had here were called package houses. No liquors were ever drank in these places. They opened at seven a. m. and closed at six p. m. They were kept closed all day Sunday.

"The license was twenty-five hundred dollars a year. If all the saloons in the United States were managed as good as these were there would be less evil resulting from them.

"It was said that because the saloons were compelled to obey the law that it interfered with the personal liberty of

their patrons, so a lot of clubs started up and defied our laws. They paid a Government license which gave them the privilege of selling all the liquor they wanted to sell. They enticed young boys to these places and many became drunk through the treating system. But at our last election Jamestown voted to become anti-saloon territory and so we are now a dry city, for which I am truly thankful."

"I am glad that you told me this, brother Crawford. The treating system of our country is one of the greatest evils of the saloon traffic, but the death knell of the saloon has been sounded, and within a few more years the liquor traffic will be wiped out of the entire United States.

"Now, one more question and then I must go. Who is the man that lives just east of the church?"

"His name is John Mitchell. I advise you not to have anything to do with him. He claims to be an infidel and he never goes to church. He says all Church members are hypocrites. Mr. Mitchell and the Black brothers, retired farmers, are with a single exception the richest people in this town. If the Church only had their money we could save the town. It will be hard for you to get enough money here to support you."

"Don't worry, brother Crawford, about my getting along. I will tell you a secret which please consider confidential. My aunt Elizabeth tithes her income. I am an orphan and have had to work my way through school. My aunt loaned me some money to help finish my college course. She told me that if I needed money she would let me have some to use here."

"Of course you will need it," interrupted the old preacher.

"By-the-way, brother Maxfield, what caused you to select this place for your pastorate?"

"I did not select it. One day in the college chapel I expressed a desire that God would send me to the hardest place he had; that he would help me be a thoroughly consecrated man; and that he would use me for his glory. At the close of the service the chaplain asked me where I wanted to go after I graduated. As we had just sung,

> 'I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord;
> Over mountain, or plain, or sea;'

I told him that I would go any place where he wished me to go.

"He said that he used to live here and he wanted Jamestown to be a church-going community, and he thought that I was qualified for the work, and that is the reason I am here."

When leaving the Crawford home the young preacher said to Dick, "Can you tell me who makes the best cookies in this town?"

"The best cookies! Why, Mother Holmes makes the best fruit cookies that anybody has ever made since the deluge. They fairly melt in your mouth. What's up now?" asked Dick.

"Well, we must have some good cookies for the social. I thought you would know who made the best ones."

"You bet I do. Mother Holmes kept herself poor by giving cookies to us boys when we were little kids, and we've never lost the appetite for them. Whenever the folks have

a cake-sale her hermits sell quickly and bring big prices. But she's too poor to give us as many as we will need for the social."

"How many do you think we will need?"

"Oh, about a thousand. If you tell the folks that Mother Holmes is going to make the cookies, you bet all the club will be there," replied Dick.

"Will you take me over to her house in the morning?"

"Sure! I've got more time than money."

When Dick and his friend called on Mrs. Holmes the minister recognized her as the woman who cried in church. Then he remembered that one of the baseball boys was named Holmes. He probably was her son.

Arriving at the house, the preacher said, "Mrs. Holmes, I understand all the young men around here call you mother. As my mother has been called to her heavenly home, may I also have the privilege of calling you mother?"

"Certainly. I will be glad to call you one of my boys."

The young preacher thanked her and said, "Mother, my friend Dick tells me that you make fine hermits. Will you please make a thousand for the social Thursday evening? We will pay you for them."

"I will gladly make them for you, but I do not want any pay for my work. Of course I could not afford to donate the material, but it will give me pleasure to do my bit for the social."

Chapter X

THE DINNER

All human history attests
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner—
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.
—Byron.

ON MONDAY evening when the Jamestown baseball club met in their room over the Russell hardware store, Eugene Maxfield was voted a member of the club, but exempt from dues. He was promptly notified of his election, and he accepted the honor with thanks, for he saw it would give him more influence with the young men.

He remembered that Disraeli said, "The great secret of success in life is to be ready when the opportunity comes."

Tuesday morning Mr. Maxfield had lumber for the seats hauled to the court-house yard. When asked why he began getting ready so soon, he replied, "It will make people talk about the social and that's the best way to advertise it. I also want to see whom I can count upon to help me with my work."

By Tuesday night the seats were fixed in the court-house yard—Eugene Maxfield and a number of school boys having done the bulk of the work.

The preacher heard from the curbstone committee various comments for and against his method of Church work. He

jotted down a number of these pointers in his pocket tickler for future reference.

Dick Crawford told the minister that he overheard one of the business men say, "That new preacher seems to understand what the people of Jamestown want, and he is certainly not afraid to work. I hope he will remain here."

Eugene Maxfield was a firm believer in the value of printer's ink. He noticed that the great majority of business firms who made a success of their business were liberal patrons of newspapers and other advertising mediums. Therefore he resolved to conduct to the best of his ability a publicity campaign.

On Wednesday and Thursday the young preacher called on the business and professional men of Jamestown. He gave each one a card on which was neatly printed,

EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY
AT THE
COURT-HOUSE SQUARE
8:00 P. M. Thursday

and invited them to attend the social.

In making his rounds he came across Mr. Crawford who said to him, "Brother Maxfield, you have not been to see me for two days. Will you not please change the place of the social from the court-house square to the lawn in front of our church?"

"No, my brother, if you want to catch fish you must go where the fish are."

When Thursday evening arrived the minister felt that he had the situation well in hand.

When the people from every quarter of town were gathering at the court-house yard they heard the Riverside Baseball Club coming. The boys had hired the Riverside band and it headed the automobile procession.

Contrary to the usual custom, every store in Jamestown closed up early on Thursday evening, and the people turned out en masse to the social. Eugene Maxfield was not surprised at the number present, because he knew a free lunch would always bring the crowd.

Opposite the court-house square was a vacant store room which they used for the kitchen. The food was placed on trays and handed out to the people as they passed by in line. Beside each plate was laid a card which read:

> Some hae meat, who canna eat,
> And some would eat, who want it,
> But we hae meat and we can eat
> So let the Lord be thankit.
>
> —Burns.

Some of the good church sisters had complained that the young minister asked for too many fried chickens, hard-boiled eggs, Saratoga chips, rolls, cakes, too much ice-cream and drinks, but before the dinner was over the supply did not exceed the demand.

One of the maiden ladies said that it was a perfect revelation to her to see how much food the boys could eat, and she predicted that some of them would need a doctor before morning.

As soon as the manager of the Riverside Baseball Club had a good chance he said to Eugene Maxfield, "Try to get over as early next Sunday afternoon as possible, we've got something extra on hand after the game."

"I have another engagement for Sunday afternoon and cannot be with you," replied Mr. Maxfield.

"Not be with us on Sunday!" exclaimed one of the Jamestown baseball men who overheard the conversation. "Why, of course we expect you to be with us. We have not tried to get another pitcher. What shall we do?"

"I am sure I do not know, but I can never play with you again on Sunday," the preacher replied.

"Say, parson, have you got a wedding on hand for Sunday?" asked one of the boys.

"I am not at liberty to divulge my plans," said the minister, "but I guess you will hear about it sooner or later."

Before the social ended Mr. Maxfield asked the sheriff if there were any objections to the seats being left in the court-house yard for a few days.

He said he knew of no objection.

During the social the young preacher mingled with the crowd, shaking hands, and getting acquainted with the people. As he greeted Mr. Crawford the aged minister said, "Brother Maxfield, will you let me make an announcement?"

"What do you wish to say?"

"I want to invite these people to come to our church."

"I do not think it would be wise to do so now, brother Crawford. Let us make the teachings of Christ so attractive that they will desire of their own accord to attend divine worship."

Chapter XI

DICK'S DEN

Ask me no questions, and
I'll tell you no fibs.

—Goldsmith.

THE FOLLOWING morning Eugene Maxfield said to Dick Crawford, "Will you please do me a favor?"

"Sure, I will! What's up your sleeve now?"

"It's a secret. Will you promise not to tell it until the proper time comes?"

"Say, Reddy, did I ever give you away or play you false?"

"No, Dick, and that's why I am asking you to help me. I would like to organize a brass band. Do you think we can get enough boys whom we can depend upon to organize one?"

"Enough boys to organize a brass band! Say, Reddy, every boy in town will want to get in on that deal. About how many do you want?"

"I think from eighteen to twenty-four will be enough to begin with."

"You'll have more trouble keeping boys out than in getting them in. What do you want me to do?"

"Now, here is my plan," said the preacher. "You select boys between fourteen and sixteen years of age who you

think have some musical ability. A good whistler usually makes a good musician. Ask each boy to be at your house at three o'clock, sharp, next Sunday afternoon. Don't tell them what's on hand."

"Dad always sleeps every Sunday afternoon unless he has a funeral. Let's meet at our barn," suggested Dick.

"All right. I want you to be at the barn to welcome them, and when you think they are all there, give me a signal and I will come over. How does that strike you, Dick?"

"Say, old man, you're as full of ideas as some old women are of gossip. Sure, I'll help you."

Friday and Saturday Dick was rounding up the boys. On Saturday night he made a report of his success to the preacher.

Nearly a score of boys on Sunday morning made some flimsy excuse to their parents for not wanting to go to Riverside to see the baseball game.

Just before church time Mr. Crawford noticed his son on the porch and said to him, "Richard, are you ill?"

"Not yet. Why, dad?"

"I noticed that you did not accompany the baseball boys to Riverside this morning. You said a few days ago that you hoped your arm would be well enough so you could go."

"Oh, I thought I would stay at home today and read how Jonah swallowed the whale."

"Richard Crawford! Why are you so frivolous? You try my patience to the uttermost."

"Well, dad, mebbe you'd rather have me try to find out where Cain got his wife."

As Mr. and Mrs. Crawford left the porch Dick said, "Dad, if anybody invites you to dinner today you had better accept."

The Crawfords, some women, and a few children were the only persons at the morning service. Mr. Maxfield gave a short object lesson to the children before his sermon.

As the congregation dispersed they noticed Dick Crawford standing in front of the church. He handed the young preacher a special delivery letter.

Mr. Crawford was aroused from his slumbers that afternoon by hearing a lot of noise in his yard. Looking out of the window he saw Dick and a number of boys. Calling to his son Mr. Crawford said, "Richard, wherefore so many young men here? Why so much hilarity on the Sabbath day?"

Putting his hands megaphone shape up to his mouth he said, "Don't speak so loud, dad. I'm organizing a new Sunday School class, we must not be interrupted or it might break the charm."

Mr. Crawford closed the window in order to shut out the noise and turning to his wife said, "My dear, I fear the evil one has complete control of our son."

"I do not think so, father. Dick and I both enjoy innocent fun. I wish that he and you were more companionable."

Eugene Maxfield telephoned to the manager of the Jamestown baseball club at noon and asked him if he could have the baseball crowd at the court-house yard by eight o'clock that evening.

When the boys at the barn saw the preacher coming they were inclined to run, but Dick quieted their fears and said, "Say, boys, Reddy's got something important to tell you." Every boy was all ears to hear the message.

When Mr. Maxfield entered the barn he noticed that Dick had fixed up one corner for his den, and asked him why he had it in the barn.

Dick replied in an undertone, "Dad wouldn't let me have it in the house, for he said that I made so much noise that it disturbed his meditations."

As the preacher noticed a phonograph on the shelf he said, "Dick, when we were at school one of our instructors told us that a cow would give more milk if she heard music during the milking time. Have you ever noticed this effect upon your cow?"

"Yes, sir, she does give more milk. Dad laughed at me when I told him I wanted to try it. But after he searched the Scriptures and found that the Bible said music was a good thing, he told me that if I would get sacred music I might try it on the cow, and it worked to a charm, but," he added, "dad don't let me have any more milk to drink or to sell."

Dick introduced Mr. Maxfield to the boys. Many of them he recognized as having met at the socials. He asked the strangers about their parents, their homes, their school work, and the things which interest a boy, and after some further conversation he asked them if they would like to organize a brass band and wear a uniform. Every boy eagerly assented to the suggestion.

Then Mr. Maxfield told the boys about his plan. They would have an organized club, elect officers, and do business on business principles. They would hire an instructor and he would judge which instrument each boy could play best. He told the boys to go home and ask their parents' consent to join the new band, and to meet him at the north-east corner of the court-house square at seven-thirty o'clock that night.

When Rev. Crawford saw Mr. Maxfield with the boys in his yard, he said to his wife, "I fear I have wronged Richard. I thought he was telling me an untruth. Doubtless he is helping brother Maxfield organize a Sunday School. I hope they will let me teach the boys' class."

When Dick came in to supper, his father said, "Richard, who is going to teach that new Sunday School class?"

"Wipe your specks, dad, and read it in the Daily Doings. It gives all the news."

Chapter XII

CATCHING MEN

> Every noble life leaves the fiber of it interwoven forever in the work of the world.
>
> —Ruskin.

WHEN Rev. Eugene Maxfield attended the Park Church prayer-meeting on Wednesday night he was so well pleased with the devotion of the young people he asked them if they would prepare some hymns and help hold a song service in the court-house yard on Sunday evening. He was pleased to hear their ready response.

On Sunday evening when the baseball boys returned from Riverside they were surprised to see the crowd in the court-house yard.

When a hymn was sung Mr. Maxfield cried, "Come over here, boys, I want to ask you a question."

He inquired, "How many of you would like to have a brass band in this town? Hold up your hands." Of course nearly everybody was in favor of having a band.

"Are there any young men here whose parents would be willing for them to join a band under my direction?"

Nearly every boy who had been at the barn that afternoon stood up. It was such a surprise to the baseball boys that they yelled: "Hurrah for Reddy Maxfield!"

Then after a short talk on personal influence by the

preacher, the impromptu choir sang one of their new hymns and instead of the orthodox benediction the audience was told to shake hands with each other.

After the service Mr. Maxfield whispered to Dick Crawford, "Will you take a walk with me?"

"Sure," was the prompt reply.

When they were in the outskirts of town, the preacher said, "Dick, that letter you gave me this morning was from Thomas Clemmons, my old college friend who lives up at Pineville. He asked me to make him a visit and to preach in their church next Sunday. I expect to leave here on the noon train tomorrow."

"Don't go, Reddy. You're needed here."

"You're right, Dick, but I plan to return on Friday of this week. I want you to look after some of my work here while I am away."

"Not on your life, old man. I'm no sky-pilot. Perhaps you want me to take a tambourine and go out on the streets and collect pennies for your salary. Oh, no, excuse me!"

"No, Dick, I do not approve of begging for money. The Church does too much pernicious begging for its own good. The street fakir uses better business methods. He has something to sell, and he makes the crowd believe that he is doing them a favor by permitting them to buy his wares. He tells them that the supply is limited, and so every man is anxious to secure the goods before they are all sold."

"That's so, Reddy. Old man Black has begged every man in this town for money to run the Central Church, and dad told me that the stingy old miser only paid one dollar per month on the salary when dad was the sky-pilot.

"Say, let me tell you what the old skinflint done. He went to Bowman's grocery store for a box of matches. He asked how many matches the box contained, and the grocer told him that it should have four hundred. The old man took the matches home and soon returned to the store and said, 'There were only three hundred and ninety-eight matches in that box.' Mr. Bowman gave him the other two matches."

"I thank you, Dick, for telling me this story. It shows how small a man can be in his actions.

"I want you to notice what the people say about the brass band, and when I get home report to me what steps have been taken to secure one."

"Sure, I will!" said Dick, heaving a sigh of relief, "if that's all you want of me. But I guess that I had better write it down on my tickler, for I might forget it, now that my arm is giving me some pain."

When Eugene Maxfield returned to the hotel he found a man waiting to see him.

The stranger said, "Mr. Maxfield, my name is Carlos Wright. The Keystone Baseball Club employs me to study new men who with proper training will make expert players. I have seen you play ball at the university, and I feel sure that with practice you can become an expert player and command a handsome salary. Will you consider an engagement with us?"

"I thank you for the offer, but I cannot consider it. When I was a boy I heard God call me to preach the gospel, but like Jonah I ignored the call. I hired as a clerk to a merchant. A few months later he failed in business, owing

me one hundred dollars which I have been unable to collect. My next venture was also a failure. I was working in one of the shops when there was an accident which nearly cost me my life. I was laid off for several months and when I left the hospital another man had gotten my job.

"I did not succeed in getting the kind of work that I could do, and so I felt quite despondent. One morning while walking down Main street I saw in a store window a piece of statuary marked 'Opportunity' which arrested my attention. It was a down-and-out man asleep with his head drooped over his breast. He was oblivious to the busy traffic all around him.

"It struck me that the man was a counterpart of myself. Here I was asleep and men were perishing through my sin of omission. I felt the iron enter my soul. I lifted my head and cried, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?'

"He answered, 'Come ye after me, and I will make you a fisher of men.'

"I said, 'Lord where thou leadest me, I will follow.'

"I have always loved to catch fish, but now I am catching men. At present I dare not leave my post of duty. I am only playing baseball as a means to an end—to win souls to Christ—and from many things I have seen and heard since coming to Jamestown I am hopeful of accomplishing the purpose whereunto I have been sent."

Chapter XIII

CO-OPERATION

And no one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of working.

—Kipling.

THE FOLLOWING morning Mr. Samuel Russell called at the hotel, and said to Eugene Maxfield, "I believe you are on the right track to do something worth while in this city. My boy wants to join the brass band, and I am in favor of his doing so. I must say, however, I am not in favor of Sunday baseball games, for they have a bad effect on the boys. If there is anything that I can do to help you, please command me."

"Thank you, Mr. Russell," said the preacher. "Will you please ask some of the members of our Board of Trade to get back of this band proposition? I believe if we have a good brass band that we can often have open-air concerts and also make booster trips to the neighboring towns and surrounding country, which will secure trade for our merchants from people who have gotten into the habit of sending to the mail order houses for goods.

"Now that our roads are being improved I believe the people will come more frequently to Jamestown, especially if we have something to draw them."

"Mr. Maxfield, you've hit the nail on the head. The business men will see that point and they ought to be willing to help you—in fact, I know they will."

"While we are talking on this subject, Mr. Russell, please let me say that part of my mission here is to help improve and build up our town. I think we need a company of Boy Scouts here, and this brass band proposition is only the fore-runner of a movement to get the boys of Jamestown more interested in their home city.

"So many young men move to the big cities because they imagine they will have greater opportunities for acquiring wealth, and the small town suffers from the loss of this young blood."

"That's so, Mr. Maxfield, and the town stays small because of this constant exodus. I wish there were some way to overcome it."

"I believe, Mr. Russell, the solution of this problem lies with the older business men of the town. Let them give the boys a chance at home instead of driving them to the city where they will simply be a cog in the wheel of a great machine.

"When a man has acquired a comfortable competency it is his privilege—nay, his duty—to withdraw from active business and turn his attention to weightier matters than money making.

"Agassiz once said, 'I have not time to make money. Life is not sufficiently long for a man to get rich, and do his duty to his fellow-men.'

"It sometimes looks as if the world was money-mad, and the only thing worth living for was to get money so as 'to

buy more land, to raise more corn, to feed more hogs, to buy more land.' "

The merchant interrupted the preacher by saying, "You are right. We have some notable examples in this town."

Mr. Maxfield said, "Lord Bacon calls 'riches the baggage of virtue. For as the baggage is to the army, so is riches to virtue. It cannot be spared or left behind, but it hindereth the march. And the care of it sometimes loseth the victory.' You know the Master said, 'The care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the Word, and he becometh unfruitful.'

"The successful business man, freed from business cares, would have more time to encourage and lend a hand to the young men starting out in life to make their fortune. With proper encouragement from the business men and diligence on their part the young men can make a name for themselves and accomplish more for the good of the community by not going to the city. 'A rolling stone gathers no moss.' "

"Of course there are some exceptions to every rule, for many a town boy has grown into a big city man." said Mr. Russell.

"Yes, sir," replied Eugene Maxfield, "that is true. It is the town boy with talents that is attracted by the lure of the city. Whenever a boy outgrows his home town and the city promises him a bigger job he should go where he can accomplish the most for himself and the good of humanity. But that is no reason why the average town boy should want to run off to the city. Ten chances to one, if he is industrious he will accomplish as much at home as he would in the large city."

"Your argument is well taken," replied the merchant.

"Mr. Russell," said Mr. Maxfield, "I am going to be out of the city this week. Are you willing to talk to a number of our business men and see if they will finance this band matter?"

"How much will it cost?" was the cautious inquiry.

"Professor Wilson, the leader of the Riverside Band, told me that it would cost nearly a thousand dollars for good instruments, suits, and music for a year. He will charge five dollars for instructions for a day and evening each week.

"Do you think, Mr. Russell, that we could get a room at a reasonable rental? I mean a good room, well located, that can be fixed up to be made attractive so the boys will enjoy spending part of their time there."

"Yes, sir. I have a large room that is vacant over my warehouse. It is next to the room occupied by our baseball boys. I am willing to donate the use of this room, including heat and light, for a year. But you will have to furnish it."

"I thank you, Mr. Russell, for your generous offer. We can easily get the furnishings for the room. There are a lot of chairs at the church which we can use, and the folks will give us a shower for the rest of the things," said Mr. Maxfield.

After a moment's pause he continued, "Now, Mr. Russell, how much money are you willing to give on the expenses?"

"I'll give fifty dollars and more if it is necessary. Yes, I'll see our business men this week. I will explain the matter to them and report to you later."

"Thank you, Mr. Russell. I hope your work this week will result in saving many boys from bad habits. It is my desire to have this room fitted up for a good reading-room, good pictures on the walls, best of books and magazines, tables for chess, checkers, and dominoes. A place where the boys will feel at home. Some good sex instruction should be given them—information which many parents fail to give their sons.

"It is not my desire to wean the boys away from their homes, but to show many parents that boys need companions, and if they do not guide their sons aright the boys will seek questionable places and often be led astray by evil associates."

"You are right on that point, Mr. Maxfield. As you have opportunity I wish you would drop into the store and see me."

As the visitor left the hotel, Mr. Maxfield said to himself, "There goes a man who should have been secured for the Church. I wonder what has kept him outside the fold."

Then the young preacher breathed an earnest prayer that God would let him win Mr. Russell and, like Abraham, through him that the nations of the earth would be blessed.

Chapter XIV

THE NEW PLAY

Playwriting is the most complex of all the arts.
—David Belasco.

WHEN Mr. Maxfield arrived at Pineville his friend met him at the depot. Naturally their conversation turned to the church problem at Jamestown.

Mr. Maxfield said, "Tom, I have a job for you."

"What is it?"

"Well, at Jamestown we need to get the young folks interested in doing something worth while. For lack of something better to do nearly all of them attend the movies. They get false ideas of life, and it often makes their quiet daily life seem commonplace.

"One of the picture shows wanted to run on Sunday, but I am glad to say the united protest of the church people had enough weight to keep the shows closed on Sunday.

"I have been considering the matter carefully, and I believe a live, up-to-date play would solve the problem. I mean a morality play with a religious setting and enough action to make it a success. The old time home talent play has always been popular, and I see no reason why we cannot use it to accomplish our aim.

"You are a good Bible student, Tom. When we were at college you wrote a play entitled 'The Marriage Feast,' which was given in the gymnasium, and it turned out to be a great success. I think something along that line would suit our needs. Can't you write it while I am here?"

"Why, Reddy, don't you know that plays are built—not written? I want you to go fishing with me this week."

"Yes, we'll go fishing all right, Tom, but we will use bait to catch men," said Eugene Maxfield.

"Say, Reddy, you are all the time giving up your personal pleasure to help others."

"My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to help finish his work," replied Mr. Maxfield reverently. "You write the story of the play, and during the rehearsals I will superintend the whole matter so that the play will be effective."

"Yes, Reddy, of course I will help you with the play, for I well remember that once upon a time you greatly helped me; but you must see my folks first."

"All right, Tom, but let's start the new play tonight, for I must be home by Friday."

After dinner the two men excused themselves and sought the seclusion of the library.

Mr. Clemmons, leaning back in his Morris chair said, "Now, Reddy, give me an outline of what you want in the new play, so I can make notes of it."

"Well, Tom, there is a long interval between the Old Testament time and the history of the New Testament. I think it would be well to select this period for the time of

our play. Ptolemy IV was on the throne at this time, which was about two hundred years before the birth of Christ.

"I want to reproduce a series of historical plays which were supposed to have been given in a grove of olive trees at the foot of the Mount of Olives, just east of the city of Jerusalem.

"The play, or rather the pageant, will represent incidents taken from the lives of Abraham and Isaac, Joseph, Ruth, King Solomon, and Queen Esther."

"Say, Reddy, you can't get all that in one play."

"I know it. Let us pattern after the Chinese and give a continuous play which will take about five nights to stage it. Of course, many things mentioned in the Bible will have to be omitted in the play. I desire it to be an educational play, for there has been no aggressive Christian work done in Jamestown for quite a number of years.

"The young folks have not been trained in the habit of going to church, and the Bible is not taught in the public schools, hence the young folks are not versed in the Scriptures, especially of the Old Testament history. To reach these people I must be 'as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove.'

"I want to have a large number of people take part in the cast. We need a number of appropriate localisms to make the play more attractive."

"I don't know any of the Jamestown people and could not write the localisms you desire, Reddy. You'd better look elsewhere for someone to write the play."

"No, Tom, I want you to write the historical part and then I will ask our local editor, who is an adept in that line, to insert the local hits."

"Oh, yes, I see your point. You simply want me to outline the story for the play. I guess we can get up something. Let us sleep over it tonight and take up the matter again tomorrow morning."

"My purpose," said Mr. Maxfield, "is not merely to amuse, but to instruct the people in Bible history so that they will hunger and thirst after righteousness. I want them also to learn the value of co-operation."

During Mr. Maxfield's stay at Pineville his friend outlined a series of plays which had plenty of action in them.

Dick Crawford was at the depot when Eugene Maxfield returned home on Friday evening. He shook hands with the minister and said, "Don't you ever treat me like this again, Reddy."

"Why, Dick, what's the matter?" inquired Mr. Maxfield.

"Matter! Say, Reddy, I'm just about crazy. I never knew that boys could ask so many questions. Nearly every boy in town wants to join the brass band. Ever since you left they have tormented the life out of me. If I had not forgotten where you had gone I'd have sent for you to come home."

"If you had asked the station agent where I went he could have told you," said the preacher.

"I did," said Dick, "and the agent said he had forgotten the name of the town. I'm going to have a law passed that every preacher going out of town shall register at the depot his destination."

"That might be a good thing for some other people, too," said Eugene Maxfield, with a smile.

Dick handing the minister a letter said, "Mr. Russell asked me to give this letter to you as soon as you got home.

I guess he wants to sell you his old automobile, he's just bought a new one."

Eugene Maxfield opened the envelope and found as he anticipated a request to call at Mr. Russell's house.

Mr. Maxfield showed the letter to Dick and said, "I must go and see what he wants."

"Better get your supper first, for Mr. Russell is too stingy to give you a bite to eat. He wouldn't pay a cent to help keep up the expense of our baseball club," said Dick testily.

Chapter XV

AN OFFER

> A man has not the shadow of a right to inflict unwholesome smoke and his vile breath on the community at large.
>
> —Dr. Harvey W. Wiley.

MR. RUSSELL was reading the evening paper when Eugene Maxfield was announced.

The merchant said, "I've seen nearly all the prominent men of this town and have most of the money pledged for the band expenses. Doctor Parrish told me that if the band boys would promise to abstain from using tobacco for a year that he would give one hundred dollars."

"That's fine, Mr. Russell. I thank you for your splendid success. I have not met the doctor. Will you please take me over to see him?"

Returning from the telephone Mr. Russell said, "The doctor is in his office and can see us now."

When the minister was introduced, Doctor Parrish said, "Mr. Maxfield, I am glad to see you are taking such an interest in our young people. You are just the kind of a man that is needed in a town like ours. I hope you will keep them busy in good works. If I can be of any service to you let me know.

"I may say that one of the worst things in this town is the cigarette habit. A cigarette when smoked produces furfural, a poison especially injurious to nerve and brain tissue. The continued use of the cigarette causes heart disease, indigestion, deafness, nervousness, poor memory, dwarfs the growth, destroys the influence, and shortens life. It invites apoplexy, tuberculosis, cancer, insanity, kidney disorders, and other diseases. It stupefies the brain and causes crime, immorality, and poverty.

"After a careful investigation of the Yale University students, covering nine years, the records showed that ninety-five per cent of the students who had the highest rank in their work were non-smokers.

"The habitual use of tobacco causes a demand for alcoholic drinks. Eminent authorities make the assertion that the use of tobacco causes a thirst that water will not satisfy. Nearly all drunkards use tobacco.

"Judge Brewer, ex-Chief Justice of the United States, said, 'No cigarette smoker can attain the highest position in the world.'

"Some of the leading railroads, United States Naval Schools, Weather Bureau, and many other organizations refuse to employ cigarette smokers.

"The use of the cigarette eventually destroys the will-power of the smoker, and he cannot be regarded as wholly responsible for his acts.

"It cannot be denied that cigarettes have caused many fires and loss of lives in the burning buildings."

"I surely agree with you," said Eugene Maxfield. "Are you willing to give the boys a talk on the evils of tobacco?"

"Yes, sir. I will be glad to do so. I can prove by anatomical charts that the use of tobacco in any form cripples a boy's usefulness. I feel sure that I can make the talk one of interest to any thinking boy."

"I thank you, doctor. Some evening we will be glad to have you present this important question to the boys."

Returning to the band subject, Mr. Russell advised the minister to go ahead and get the band organized.

So the young preacher notified Prof. Edward Wilson that his offer was accepted, and that the boys were ready to receive their first instruction as soon as he could come to Jamestown.

On Monday morning the band master came over and helped the boys select instruments and uniforms, and he ordered the music for the first lesson.

Eugene Maxfield called to see the local editor and asked him to supply the localisms for the new plays. He took the manuscript and said he would fill in the places for the hits and return it in a few days.

On the next Saturday afternoon Eugene Maxfield went out to the baseball grounds to watch the boys practise. They had secured a new pitcher, but they asked the preacher if he would not play with them on Sunday.

He declined to do so. "Boys, I am glad to be a member of our baseball club and will attend as many of our meetings and games, when they are played during the week, as I can.

"I heard that you played a good game last Sunday, even though you lost out. If you will arrange to have the next return game at Riverside played some weekday, I'll be glad

to go with you and do my best to help win the game. If we can get a few days' good practice together we ought to play a better game than we did two weeks ago. Let me know as soon as you can about the next game so that I can arrange my work."

Turning to Dick Crawford he said, "Will you please tell the band boys that we will have the first lesson tomorrow night in the court-house yard?"

"Sure, I will, Reddy. Dad had me hoeing in the garden this morning. I don't like to work. I will be glad of an excuse to get out of it. What shall I tell the boys?"

"Tell them to be on hand at seven-thirty, sharp."

Chapter XVI

THE POWER OF SONG

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that invest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—Longfellow.

EUGENE MAXFIELD was in his room after supper preparing his sermon when the Rev. Frank Middleton called to see him. The men were soon deeply engaged in conversation regarding the church work of Jamestown.

Before leaving Mr. Middleton said, "Brother Maxfield, go ahead and do all you can to push the work here. After tomorrow I will be away on my vacation until October, and after that I can only be here on Sunday morning once a month. I am just preaching here to hold things together until some aggressive pastor who has the knack of accomplishing things comes along.

"I have a number of young people in my Church here who are devoted workers, and I feel sure they will be willing to help you. You know that Dwight L. Moody said, 'Religion is a plant that will die unless it is watered.'

"If there is anything that I can do to be of service, please let me know and I will gladly co-operate with you."

"I thank you, my brother. I realize that I've got quite a job here, but I feel very optimistic as to the outcome. I believe that God is willing to do great things for us if we lay our time and talents on his altar."

"I am glad the Central Church now has a pastor who feels that way."

"Brother Middleton, I have been told there will be no services in your church tomorrow night. Am I right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then will you please ask your young people to sing for us in the court-house yard?"

"I will be glad to do so," was the reply. "Oh, by-the-way, one of our Sunday School teachers wrote to me that you were taking a firm hold of things here, and that there is an expectancy in the air that you will not leave anything undone to accomplish your purpose. She also wrote that some of the business men were beginning to take notice of what you are trying to do."

On Sunday morning Eugene Maxfield had only a few people—mostly women—at church. He took for his text, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in their midst and that to bless."

His sermon was short, not exceeding twenty minutes, and then followed a season of prayer. An air of solemnity filled the church, and when the congregation was dismissed even the careless passer-by noted how seriously each went his way.

Sunday afternoon quite a crowd came over with the Riverside baseball club, for it was rumored that Eugene Maxfield would pitch again.

The young preacher did not go to the game, but he could not help hearing the shouting, and he wondered which side was winning.

After the game some of the baseball fellows stopped at the hotel to see the preacher. They said, "We did not see you at the game today. Those Riverside fellows beat us bad. They shut us out entirely this afternoon. You must play with us next Sunday. We are willing to pay you."

Mr. Maxfield evaded giving them a direct reply. He asked, "Can you get the Riverside club to stay over for the evening service in the court-house yard?"

"Oh, yes. They're going to stay. They heard that you were going to give the new brass band their first lesson tonight, and they want to hear it," was the reply.

On Sunday evening a crowd of boys gathered early at the court-house yard. The seats were hastily re-arranged and were soon filled. After two hymns were sung, Mr. Maxfield took for his theme, "The Power of Music." He spoke of the various kinds of music and musical instruments. The importance of following the score, giving each note the proper expression and time, not forgetting the rests, and of each player closely following the leader. Unless each one played in unison there would be discord and the general effect would be marred.

Then bringing the lesson home he pointed out the necessity of following Christ, the great Leader, and of being obedient to his holy will.

He said, "We must attune our lives to the music of love and be a blessing to others if we expect to receive the crown

of righteousness that is laid up for all who love and serve him."

Dick Crawford nudged the girl on his left and said, "Reddy's all right. You know he's got itaneous geritis cedo."

"What's that?" she asked.

"Oh, that's Latin for knowing how to be on to your job."

"You mean thing, it don't either!"

Chapter XVII

HIS PROTEST

Second thoughts, they say, are best.
—Dryden.

WHEN Jack McCloud called at the hotel on Monday morning he said, "Parson, will you play with us at Riverside on Thursday?"

"Certainly. I will be glad to play with you. When shall we practise?"

"The fellows are going to practise every afternoon at two o'clock. Can you be on hand today?"

"All right, I'll be there. Will you please ask Dick Crawford to send his baseball suit to the hotel so that I can put it on in my room?"

"I will, sir," answered the Jamestown baseball manager.

"True to his promise the local editor wrote some excellent hits for the new play. Eugene Maxfield returned the manuscript promptly to Mr. Clemmons with a number of marginal notations.

The weather was fine on Thursday and a great crowd of men and boys went to Riverside with the Jamestown baseball club.

The game was interesting from start to finish, eleven innings being played before either side won the game.

Dick Crawford said to a group of the fellows, "Just watch Reddy. He pitches fifty-seven kinds of ball, and nobody seems to hit him."

Two good double plays and some fast work resulted in a victory for the Jamestown team.

On the way home Dick Crawford said to his friend, "Say, Reddy, I'm as proud of you as a cat is with her first litter of kittens."

When Mr. Maxfield returned to the hotel he received a telegram from Mr. Clemmons, asking him to come over to Pineville as he wanted some information about a few points in the play.

When Eugene Maxfield returned to Jamestown two days later he had the manuscript in his pocket. He now felt that he was ready to begin the reconstruction work of the Church in Jamestown.

Before announcing his plans to any one he spent much time in prayer.

In a few days the following notice appeared on the front page of the two Jamestown papers:

> "Rev. Eugene Maxfield will be glad to meet in the town hall on next Monday evening all persons interested in organizing a local dramatic company. No further information will be furnished before the meeting."

Rev. Elias Crawford had faithfully carried out his promise not to interfere with Eugene Maxfield's work, but this newspaper notice was 'a fly in the ointment' to him.

He put on his hat and hurried down to the hotel to see the young minister. He said to him, "My dear brother, can it be possible that you advise our young people to run a show?"

"Brother Crawford, the young folks of this city have the habit of attending the movies almost every night. It is true some pictures are better for them to see than spending the time in gambling rooms or loafing on the streets. Even the small children have the movie habit, and see and hear more than is good for them.

"The motion of the pictures causes many young people to have eye-strain and nervous disorders. The late hours are injurious, and the effect is seen in their grade work at school. If all the picture films were properly censored there would be less criticism about them. I heartily approve of a clean, educational show. It probably would be helpful to most of us to see a good, clean, educational play about once a week. 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.'

"The modern theater traces its origin back to the miracle plays performed in the churches during the Middle Ages. Do you see any harm in the Oberammergau play? Think of the simple men and women who spend their lives in this spiritual atmosphere and exemplify in 'The Passion Play' the teachings of Christ. Consider the effect of this educational play upon the thousands who flock to see it every decade.

"I think we can reproduce Scriptural plays which will have an elevating effect upon the people of Jamestown. Besides, we can help our young people develop talents which have lain dormant for lack of proper instruction.

"Now, my brother, which in your judgment do you think is best, for our young people to see a play which might be questionable, or to represent a character in some religious or educational play and thus help to make the world better?"

"I confess I never looked at it in this light," said Mr. Crawford. "Go ahead, my brother, I begin to see your motive. May God add his blessing and crown your efforts with great success."

Chapter XVIII

THE HISTORICAL PAGEANT

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
—Shakespeare.

QUITE a crowd of young and old people—for there was much undeveloped talent at Jamestown—assembled in the town hall at the appointed time.

Eugene Maxfield, after taking his place on the platform, thanked the people for coming out. He told them his motive for organizing a dramatic company. It was not simply for amusement, but that the people might become better versed in Bible history.

He said it would require much time and careful study of the parts before they would be ready to give the pageant. He read to them brief portions of the plays and asked those who were willing to join the dramatic company to give him their names.

From this list the preacher within a few days carefully selected such persons as he thought were best adapted for the leading characters and assigned them their parts.

Isaac Whitman, one of the clerks in the Cash and Carry store, was chosen to take the character of Isaac for three reasons—namely, because his name was Isaac, because he was small of stature and could dress suitably for that

character, and lastly because Dame Rumor had hinted that the wedding bells would shortly ring for him.

Mr. Maxfield was at a loss to know how to prepare the oriental costumes so as to have an exact reproduction. One day when he was in Riverside he chanced—or was it providential?—to meet Alcuzar, a Jewish rabbi's son. The young preacher told him of his perplexity, and Alcuzar said he would loan him a book containing pictures of the old Jewish costumes.

From these cuts Mr. Maxfield easily selected such costumes as would be required in the plays. His next step was to find a costumer.

One day he was introduced to Mr. Edwards, a bookkeeper in the Williams factory. (Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Edwards were sisters.) The Edwards family had recently moved to Jamestown, and had not become identified with any Church there. In fact, they seldom attended any religious services. They were regular attendants, however, at all the Sunday baseball games.

Mr. Edwards invited Rev. Maxfield to call on them. The invitation was promptly accepted and the following evening the young minister made his first, but not his last, pastoral call on the Edwards family.

He was pleased to find that they had many interests and tastes in common. He told them about the pageant, and expressed a desire to find some one to take the responsibility of making the costumes.

Mrs. Edwards, at the suggestion of her husband, offered her services, and she was made chairman of the costume committee and was asked to select her assistants.

It was decided to buy new material which would be paid for out of the receipts of the plays.

Next morning Mrs. Edwards made the rounds of the dry-goods stores and selected the material. The merchants, when they found that no one was to receive pay for his or her services, offered to make a liberal discount on the price of the goods to help the cause.

Rev. Maxfield was pleased to see how tactfully Mrs. Edwards selected the ladies who were to serve on her committee. She chose only those who were heartily in favor of the pageant, and who were willing to donate their time to help make the costumes.

She found it was going to be a big job to make so many garments, so she wrote to her sister, Miss Fannie Townsend, to come and help them.

There were so many details of the scenery, lighting, furnishing, and costumes to talk over that Eugene Maxfield became a frequent visitor at the Edwards home.

When Miss Townsend and the young minister were introduced to each other any observing person could easily see that it was a case of love at first sight.

One evening Miss Townsend asked Mr. Maxfield, "Have you decided on the admission fee?"

"No, not positively," was his reply. "The receipts must be adequate to pay all the expenses."

"How much will the expenses be?" she asked.

"Not very much aside from the expense of the costumes," replied the minister. "The newspapers have kindly donated the advertising and have made a nominal charge for printing the leaflets. The city council gives us the free use of

the town hall. We are short on an orchestra, but I think I can get four young men from our college to assist us for their expenses."

"Will that not be expensive to have them here for all the rehearsals and the plays?"

"No, I think not. We will not need them before the dress rehearsals. One of the boys has an auto, so there will only be the expense of the music and their entertainment. As soon as we find out the cost of the costumes we can decide on the price of admission."

"Well, that's good. The Church can make some money on the plays."

"That is the very thing I desire to avoid. We only want enough money to pay the expenses. We want to give the people the worth of their money and plus," replied Mr. Maxfield.

Chapter XIX

THE REHEARSAL

Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
—Pope.

THE WHOLE series of plays were printed, each in a separate booklet, so that each player could have a complete copy and thus become more familiar with the lines.

Eugene Maxfield planned for the rehearsals to be held two evenings a week in the church. To his great delight the people were much interested in the plays and being regular in their attendance learned their parts quickly.

He put the following notice on the church doors:

"No spectators will be admitted at rehearsals."

Early one evening Mr. Maxfield noticed that Mr. John Mitchell and some of his old cronies were seated on his lawn as close to the church as they could get.

Mr. Mitchell asked the young preacher, "Have you any objections to our listening to your rehearsals? We like to hear the music. We will try not to disturb you with our conversation."

"None in the least, Mr. Mitchell, but I cannot admit anyone except those taking part inside the church at rehearsals."

"That's all right, parson," said Mr. Mitchell, "I hope our daughter Ethel is learning her part well. She tells us that you are a fine instructor."

"Thank you, Mr. Mitchell, for your kind words. Yes, Miss Ethel has much talent. You will be proud of her when you see the play."

"When will you be ready to give the first play?"

"I do not know. As this is our first experience, and we want to have our parts perfect, we think we had better make haste slowly."

"You're all right, parson, but don't keep us waiting too long. We are getting anxious to see the play."

When Eugene Maxfield returned to his room he thanked God that men were beginning to take an interest in his work.

The next morning Ethel Mitchell said, "Papa, I saw you talking to Mr. Maxfield last evening. Some of us girls want to organize a choir. May I join it? We want to surprise him next Sunday. Miss Townsend has accepted a position in the public school, and she is going to be the organist in our church."

"Well, see what your mother says. If she is willing, I have no objections," replied her father.

Eugene Maxfield noticed each Sunday morning that his congregation was increasing. There were no services except the mid-week prayer-meeting at the Park Church during the summer.

The Sunday evening services were held all summer in the court-house park. Eugene Maxfield had learned the value of a good story well-told. Each Sunday evening he gave

his congregation modern parables and their counterpart of Scripture.

Twice a week the young minister practised with the baseball team and played with them on a week-day.

Eugene Maxfield never again played baseball on Sunday.

One morning Professor Wilson, the band leader, said to Mr. Maxfield, "I am very hopeful of good results from our new band. The parents encourage their boys to practise, and that is a big help. Since the boys have given up the use of cigarettes I have noticed a decided improvement in their music and deportment. As so many other boys desire to join the band I think we had better enlarge our membership.

"Doctor Parrish surely knew his subject when he gave us a talk on the harmful influence of the cigarette. I wish every boy in Riverside could have heard him."

Rev. Crawford had to pass the church and Mr. Mitchell's home on his way to the post-office. One morning he met Mr. Mitchell who asked him, "What kind of a preacher is your Mr. Maxfield? How do you like him?"

"I must admit, contrary to my expectations, he is certainly accomplishing something with the young folks," replied Rev. Crawford. "He means all right, but I think his sermons are too short. He ought to dwell on the old history of the Bible so as to educate the young folks. I wish he would invite me to preach."

Has Mr. Maxfield told you about the rehearsals they are having at the church, Mr. Crawford?"

"No, my friend, he has not. At first I did not approve of the plays and I told brother Maxfield so, but from what Richard tells me, I feel inclined to attend them."

Chapter XX

A FIRE-ALARM

How struggles with the tempest's swells
That warning of tumultuous bells.

—Lowell.

THREE months had quickly rolled away since Eugene Maxfield arrived in Jamestown.

The last game of baseball for the season between the Riverside and Jamestown clubs was scheduled for Labor Day.

Each club had won an equal number of games. This year the closing game had been so widely advertised that the people for miles around were on hand when the game was called.

Dick Crawford was to pitch ball—the first time since he had broken his arm.

It was a warm, sultry day. Suddenly the people noticed that a shower was rapidly coming up. Many hurried home to close their windows.

While the third inning was being played a bright flash of lightning was followed by a terrific crash of thunder. In a few minutes the fire-alarm sounded. The people rushed pellmell through the rain when they saw the top of Mr. Mitchell's house was on fire.

Everything from the first story was saved, but very little from the second floor. The house was entirely destroyed, for the fire had gotten such headway before the fire department arrived. As the wind carried the flames away from the church much of the furniture was put in there.

Eugene Maxfield was among the men who worked the hardest to save the property—and he ruined a suit of clothes in the endeavor.

When Mr. Mitchell saw where his things were being stored he said to Mr. Maxfield, "Hello, parson. That's the first time I've been in a church in forty years, except to attend a funeral or a wedding. I'm mighty glad that we were all out at the baseball game, for we might have been killed by the lightning."

"Yes, Mr. Mitchell, you surely have much cause to be thankful. You will have to go in the church again to get your things out, and I hope it will not be the last time."

"Well, parson, we'll see," replied Mr. Mitchell.

The morning after the fire Mr. Mitchell called very early at the hotel to see Mr. Maxfield. He said, "Parson, my wife wants me to buy the Central Church lot and build a fine house on the corner."

"Are you trying to drive me out of town?" jokingly asked the young preacher.

"No, indeed. We need you here. It seems to me that it would be a good plan for you to sell the old church."

"I don't see your point," said Mr. Maxfield.

"If you sell your property you could buy the Park Church. It is better located than yours and you could do better work there."

"That's true. But does the Park Church want to sell their property?"

"I don't know. They seldom use their church and I don't see the use of their keeping it. It is not a good policy to hold unproductive property."

Like a flash there came to Eugene Maxfield's mind the Master's words, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they may all be one."

The minister saw the great advantage which would ensue to the city of Jamestown if the two congregations were merged into one.

Turning to Mr. Mitchell, Eugene Maxfield asked, "If we sell you our church property would you be willing to help us secure the Park Church property?"

"Of course I would. The big society which helps the little Churches loaned the Park Church two thousand dollars and took a mortgage on the property. You have no mortgage on your church property for Reverend Crawford hammered away at the people until the church debt was paid

"If I pay you two thousand dollars for your church and the Park Church folks turn their property over to you in consideration of you paying the mortgage, I think it would be a good trade for all of us, don't you?"

"Yes, it might be a good trade. You misunderstood me, Mr. Mitchell, I asked if you were willing to help us negotiate for the exchange of the properties?"

"Well, parson, it would n't look well for an outsider to be meddling in church matters. Besides, Mrs. Stone, the woman who runs the Park Church, is a veritable Tartar.

No one likes her. She has so much money the church folks flatter her to her face and sneer at her behind her back. There's quite a difference between her and Mrs. Keenman, your church treasurer. She's been treasurer of your Church for nearly thirty years. She thinks she owns your church because she pays so much for its up-keep."

"I think, Mr. Mitchell, you must be mistaken about her liberality to the Church. I have never heard of her collecting any money for church expenses," remarked Mr. Maxfield.

"Oh, no. She told my wife that it was such a hard job to get people to give money to the Church that she paid most of the bills herself," replied Mr. Mitchell.

"That's news to me. I thank you for the information. How do you think would be the best way to proceed to ascertain whether we can get the Park Church property?" asked Mr. Maxfield.

"Marry the old witch! That would settle it," laughingly answered Mr. Mitchell.

"Why, she is old enough to be my mother! Besides, I have other intentions in the matrimonial line."

"Say, parson, at Jimmie Birkett's funeral you said, 'A little child shall lead them.' Why don't you church folks practise what you preach?"

"I don't understand you, Mr. Mitchell."

"I mean that you had better take up this church matter with the folks in your play. Your church is nowhere near the center of population, and it is a long walk for those factory people to come out here. Let them demand a better location."

"Thank you, Mr. Mitchell. That's a good suggestion. Will you please ask your daughter to mention it at the next rehearsal?"

"Why, yes, I can ask her, but why not get Dick Crawford to do it? He's the best talker in your bunch."

"Dick is not going to be in this pageant. He will return soon to college. I prefer that your daughter set the ball rolling. You might ask her how the people take the suggestion and report to me."

"All right, parson. I'll do it."

After the rehearsal Mr. Mitchell asked his daughter what the folks said in regard to the church proposition.

"Why, papa, everybody at the church said it was the right thing to do."

Chapter XXI

PREPAREDNESS

God helps them that help themselves.
—Poor Richard's Almanac.

WEDNESDAY morning Mr. Mitchell telephoned to the hotel and asked Mr. Maxfield to come over to the church. He promptly answered the call.

Mr. Mitchell thus accosted him, "Parson, if I am to build a new house this year I want to get it done before cold weather. Can't you get a hustle on the church folks and let me know whether or not I can buy the property?"

"I believe the leaven is working all right, Mr. Mitchell. One of the Park Church officers told me last evening he had heard that we wanted their property, and that you wanted to buy our lot."

"What did he say?" eagerly inquired Mr. Mitchell.

"I told him that some one at the rehearsal suggested making the exchange if 'Barkis is willin'.' He told me that he had called a meeting of their church officers for this evening, and that he would give me their answer tomorrow. I suggest that you see some of the business men today and get them to make an estimate of a fair price for the Park Church property."

"I'll do it, parson. I know two or three of the business men whom I can handle."

By night the town talk was the church proposition. Many favored making the exchange, but they found some difficulty in agreeing on the value of the properties.

When the local newspapers came out on Friday they contained the following notice:

> A meeting will be held in the town hall on next Monday evening to discuss the church problem of this city. Everybody invited.

In his sermon on Sunday morning Eugene Maxfield took for his text, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

He pointed out the wisdom of letting God have his way in this church matter. At the close of the service he noticed several of the men in earnest conversation.

On Monday evening the town hall was filled to its capacity. Mr. Russell was chosen as chairman of the meeting.

In a few words he clearly stated the purpose of the meeting. He cited the condition Jamestown was facing, and urged that something be done at once to relieve the situation. A committee of seven disinterested men, not members of either Church, was appointed by the chair to retire and set a price on each of the church properties and to give a report inside of thirty minutes.

While the committee was in a side room there was a free discussion of the merits of the play and the brass band. Mr. Maxfield told about the rehearsals for the play. He said, "I predict that you folks will be proud of your dramatic company."

The parents said that the brass band was a good thing for the boys; that their health was better; that they more often frequented the public library; and that their school reports showed a marked improvement.

When the committee returned to the assembly room and made their report they said, that in their judgment, the Central Church property was worth three thousand dollars, and that the Park Church property was worth five thousand dollars.

The chairman of the meeting said, "I believe the committee has given us a fair valuation of the two properties. If any one is willing to buy the Central Church property, let him now speak."

The audience looked expectantly at Mr. Mitchell, and rising to his feet he said, "I didn't want to pay over two thousand dollars for the corner. But I'll give twenty-five hundred for it. That will pay off the mortgage on the Park Church and give them five hundred dollars to fix up the building."

There was silence for a few minutes, and, as no other bids were made, Eugene Maxfield went over and spoke to Mr. Mitchell. After talking with him a few minutes the young preacher turned to the audience and said, "Mr. Mitchell is willing to give two thousand dollars in cash and his lot in the rear of the Park Church for the Central Church property. That lot would add to the Park Church corner all of the ground from Maple Avenue to the alley.

"We need a good club-house, and the best location for such a building is at the rear of the Park Church, next to the alley.

"Now, if the Park Church would be willing to turn over their property to us if we agree to pay off their mortgage with the money we receive from Mr. Mitchell and we then raise five thousand dollars additional to pay for some repairs and improvements on the church and to pay for a club-house, I believe that by co-operation we would be in a position to accomplish something worth while for the Master."

Dick Crawford cried out, "That's a safe hit, Reddy. Now run for your life."

Many in the audience, especially the young people, caught the preacher's enthusiasm as they beheld the prospect of having a good club-house in the near future.

One woman who did not catch the vision said, "We don't need to buy any more land, for there's enough ground next to the church on Maple Avenue for a club-house. Besides, there's no need to build a club-house at all. The room over Mr. Russell's store is good enough for the young folks. It's a mighty sight better than what the young folks had when I was young."

Mr. Maxfield, rising, said, "Mr. Chairman, I believe that the time is near at hand when we will need to build a big church, and we must save space on Maple Avenue for the new building. So, I move you, Mr. Chairman, that we proceed to carry out the suggestions offered."

The motion being seconded the chairman put the question, "All in favor of Mr. Maxfield's motion will please rise." The vote was almost unanimous.

"Who's going to pay the five thousand dollars?" anxiously inquired one of the wealthy sisters.

Mr. Maxfield was quickly on his feet and said, "Mr. Chairman, will you please ask our committee of seven to retire with me to the ante-room for a few minutes?"

When the men were seated the preacher passed a small card to each one and said, "Gentlemen, let each of us write down opposite our names the amount of money we are willing to invest in this undertaking."

The men signed the cards, and the total amount was two hundred and sixty dollars. Eugene Maxfield had subscribed one hundred dollars of this amount.

He said, "Gentlemen, unless you increase your subscriptions very largely I am confident that we will not be able to raise the five thousand dollars." The men saw the point and when the cards were passed again the amount subscribed was raised to six hundred and fifty dollars.

When the committee returned to the audience room and stated the amount of money they were willing to give, the crowd cheered lustily.

Mr. Maxfield was granted permission to make a few remarks. He stepped upon the platform and said, "You see that seven of the business men of this town are willing to contribute liberally for this cause. Is it not a fact that of the ten richest men in Jamestown nine are retired farmers?

"If a farmer desires to reap a large crop he must plant the seed in proportion. Our Saviour said, 'Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.' St. Paul in writing to the Church at Corinth said, 'He which soweth sparingly shall also reap sparingly: and he which soweth bountifully shall reap bountifully.'

"So it will be in this case, if you farmers are willing to give liberally, you will be a great blessing to this whole community."

Within a few minutes three thousand dollars more was pledged.

Dick Crawford said, "Mr. Chairman, I move that we ask Reddy Maxfield to sing:

> Heavenly Father, keep us going;
> Help us be a faithful band.
> Let us all be up and doing
> 'Till we get the cash in hand."

Dick's request caused a general laugh.

Some new subscriptions were secured, others increased their pledges. The total amount pledged at this meeting was forty-four hundred dollars. A committee was appointed to raise the remaining six hundred dollars.

Chapter XXII

THE AUTUMN FESTIVAL

The soul of autumn hovers in the air.
—Nagata.

THE FIRST night Eugene Maxfield spent in Jamestown he could not sleep for anxiety, this night he could not sleep for joy.

The Church members ratified the plans, the money was collected, the necessary papers were executed, and inside of two weeks the corner stone of the club-house was laid with impressive ceremonies under the auspices of the Masonic Grand Lodge.

When Eugene Maxfield was a boy he occasionally visited his grandparents. During one of his visits he attended a church service that he thought would be appropriate to reproduce for the dedication of the club-house. The time being very limited the preacher asked for the co-operation of the men of Jamestown to assist in putting up the frame of the building in one day.

A competent contractor was secured who superintended the job. The men were put into squads; the work began at seven a. m. and by seven p. m. the frame of the club-house had been erected, the sides and roof put on, and most of the floor laid.

In the vacant store room the women prepared a dinner that was served in the court-house yard, just across the street from the church.

During the noon hour Eugene Maxfield held a short service in the church. He briefly reviewed the situation in Jamestown and pointed out what had been accomplished during the past four months by united effort. He thanked the men for their loyal support in his work for the young people.

In going out of the church one of the workmen said, "We miss Dick Crawford. He ought to have been here to josh the men with his ready wit."

Rev. Elias Crawford was too feeble to be of much assistance in building the club-house, but he was greatly interested in watching the work and frequently made suggestions to the builders.

He said to the young preacher, "Brother Maxfield, my wife and I in our daily devotions remember you and your work, and pray that it may please the Lord to give you souls for your hire."

Eugene Maxfield's heart was touched with the simplicity of the old minister, and he said to himself, "I wish there was some way I could help him to adapt himself to the present day conditions."

By the middle of October the club-house was finished and ready for dedication.

One day Eugene Maxfield was notified there was a letter for him at the post-office on which the postage had not been paid.

When he read the anonymous communication he laughed heartily and said to himself, "That's part of my wages."

Taking the letter to his friend, Dick, he read it to him. Dick roared and said, "That's great." Then stopping up one ear with his thumb he continued, "Read it again, Reddy, while my ear is stopped up so that it won't leak out."

So the young preacher read aloud the following letter:

> Deer mister maxfell. Your stirrung up tew menny thyngs hear tew sute us. Youd beter goe wile the goeing is gud. A word tew the wyse is enuf. Your frend.

When Eugene Maxfield had finished reading, Dick said, "I'll bet old man Black wrote it. God Almighty named him just right. He's black inside and he blackens everything he can. Don't pay any attention to it, Reddy, but just mark it The Epistle to Eugene and keep it with your other treasures."

Eugene Maxfield, who was a member of the Jamestown Board of Trade, said at one of their meetings, "I believe that the best way to dedicate our club-house will be to give an autumn festival. That will be popular with our farmer friends. The Bible says, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'

"If this organization will take charge of this festival, I feel sure that we will make it a great success, and it will bring much trade to Jamestown."

True to the preacher's prediction the festival was a great success, and the people of Jamestown voted to have it annually.

One morning Eugene Maxfield received a characteristic letter from Dick Crawford, who had returned to the college. One clause was worthy of note: "Say, Reddy, I know that

you're as busy as a pup scratching for fleas, but please let me know what kind of a straight jacket does it take to make a preacher out of a baseball crank?"

Rev. Eugene Maxfield lifted his heart in thanksgiving to God for signs of Dick's conversion and answered the letter at once.

The minister rejoiced to see quite an increased attendance at Sunday School and in the young people's society. The morning service was still poorly attended, few of the business men being present.

The weakly (?) offerings did not begin to pay the running expenses of the church.

The choir was doing good work. They had bought and paid for a new piano.

The brass band was faithfully practising, and the leader said to Mr. Maxfield one day, "If the boys keep up their record I think they will be able to play one or two minor selections by Christmas."

One evening when Mr. Maxfield called on Miss Townsend, she said to him, "Mr. Williams was here last evening and we were talking about the pageant. He asked what the price of admission was to be. I told him that you had not decided yet. You only wanted the receipts to cover the expenses. He asked what it would probably cost and I told him how much sister had spent for material for the costumes.

"He figured a few minutes and said, 'Please tell Mr. Maxfield that if he will make the admission fee a nominal sum so that our factory people can afford to attend the plays that I will pay one-half of the entire expense for the whole

series of plays. That will enable our employees who desire to see these plays to do so. It would not be wise for me to buy tickets and give them away. While it is true that many of the best things are free, yet oftentimes they are not appreciated as they should be by the people at large.' "

"I thank you for telling me this, Miss Fannie. Please tell Mr. Williams that we accept with many thanks his generous offer."

Chapter XXIII

THE SACRIFICE

> Faith—the golden link binding us to every promise of God.
>
> —Dwight L. Moody.

THE REGULAR rehearsals for the plays had continued for over four weeks, and Eugene Maxfield felt that they were now prepared to make their first appearance.

The town hall, which would seat more people than any other building in Jamestown, was engaged for five consecutive Tuesday nights.

When the plat was opened, there was such a scramble for tickets that in less than an hour the house was sold out.

The first play, "The Sacrifice," was given on the third Tuesday evening in November.

ACT I

Scene, Abraham and His Guests

Abraham is sitting at the door of his tent; Three men approach: He runs to meet the strangers, and bows himself toward the ground. Abraham calls Sarah, his wife, to make haste and prepare a meal for the visitors. During the meal one of the

men promises Abraham that Sarah should bear him a son.

Sarah sitting in the tent overhears the promise, and laughs incredulously.

The men leave for Sodom.

ACT II

Scene, The Feast

Abraham gives a feast when Isaac is weaned. Sarah saw Ishmael, the son of Hagar, the Egyptian bond woman's son whom she had born unto Abraham, mocking. Sarah commands Abraham to cast out the bond woman and her son.

ACT III

Scene, Abraham at Prayer

He hears a voice bidding him to take his six-year-old son Isaac into the land of Moriah; and offer him as a burnt-offering.

Abraham rises early in the morning, takes two young men and Isaac, and departs for the land of Moriah. Arriving there the father takes Isaac aside to worship.

Abraham prepares the wood for the burnt-offering.

Isaac says, Behold the fire and the wood; but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?

Abraham answers, My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering.

When they come to the mountain Abraham builds an altar, and lays the wood upon it, and binding Isaac lays him upon the altar.

Abraham stretches forth his hand, and takes the knife to slay his son. He hears a voice saying, Lay not thine hand upon the lad; for now I know that thou fearest God.

Abraham beholds a ram caught in a thicket; and offers it for a burnt-offering.

A second time he hears a voice from heaven saying, In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed; because thou hast obeyed my voice.

ACT IV

Scene, The Bargain

The sickness, death of Sarah, bargaining for the cave of Machpelah for a burial-place for his dead, and the burial of Sarah.

ACT V

Scene, Abraham's Chamber

Abraham desiring to set his house in order before he dies calls his eldest servant and tells him to make ready and go to Abraham's kindred in Mesopotamia, and select a wife for Isaac.

The servant goes into Abraham's country.

When he comes to the city of Nahor he prays; O Lord God of my master Abraham, I pray thee, send me good speed this day, and shew kindness

unto my master Abraham. Behold, the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water: And let it come to pass, that the damsel to whom I shall say, Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink; and she shall say, Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also; let the same be she that thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac; and thereby shall I know that thou hast shewed kindness unto my master.

Rebekah comes to draw water. The servant asks for a drink. She gives him water, and offers to draw water for the camels.

The servant asks her, Whose daughter art thou?

She answers, I am the daughter of Bethuel. (Abraham's brother.)

Tell me, I pray thee; is there room in thy father's house for us to lodge in?

She replies, We have both straw and provender enough, and room to lodge in.

Rebekah runs, and tells her mother's household these things.

Laban, Rebekah's brother, comes out to see the men. He says, Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; I have prepared the house, and room for thy camels.

When the servant comes to the house, meat is set before him; but he refuses to eat, until he tells his errand. Laban says, Speak on.

Then the servant tells how the Lord has blessed Abraham in lands, flocks, and herds, silver, and

gold, and not least, given him Isaac, a son in his old age.

He tells his mission, his covenant with the Lord, and about meeting Rebekah at the well. He asks for the hand of Rebekah. She accepts the proposal.

The servant brings forth jewels of silver, and of gold, and raiment, and gives them to Rebekah. He also gives her mother and brother precious things. They eat and drink, and tarry all night.

The mother asks that Rebekah be allowed to stay with them ten days.

The servant answers, Hinder me not, seeing the Lord has prospered my way.

They call Rebekah and ask her, Wilt thou go with this man? She says, I will go.

ACT VI

Scene, The Departure

At evening, when they draw near the south country, Isaac is seen walking in the field. The damsel asks, What man is this?

She is told it is Isaac. She descends from her camel, and throws a veil over herself, and Isaac comes to meet her. He takes her to his mother's tent, and she becomes his wife, and he loves her.

The play was a great success. The audience was so well pleased they besieged the poor minister with many questions as to the merits of the next play.

To one and all he replied, "Come and see."

Chapter XXIV

THE FAMINE

Dreams full oft are found of real events
the forms and shadows.

—Joanna Baillie.

THE TOWN hall was taxed to its capacity on the following Tuesday night, when the second play, "The Famine," was given.

ACT I

Scene, Joseph and His Brethren

When the curtain rises, Jacob is seen making a coat of many colors for his favorite son, Joseph. On the opposite side of the stage a group of his other sons are murmuring because their father shows partiality to the seventeen-year-old son.

Joseph, unconscious of the jealousy of his brethren, approaches his brethren and greeting them affectionately tells them of his dreams.

Behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and lo, my sheaf arose, and stood upright; and, your sheaves made obeisance to my sheaf.

They bitterly hate him for his presumption of power over them.

ACT II

Scene, The Plot

The brethren leave Canaan to tend their father's flock at Shechem.

Jacob sends Joseph to see if it is well with his brethren, and the flock; and tells him to bring him word again.

A man sees Joseph wandering in the field and asks, What seekest thou?

Joseph tells him that he seeks his brethren.

He is told to go to Dothan.

When his brethren see him afar off they say one to another, Behold, this dreamer cometh.

They plot to slay him and to tell their father that an evil beast hath devoured him.

Reuben hears them and says, Shed no blood, but cast him into a pit.

When Joseph draws near, at Judah's suggestion they strip and sell him to a band of Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver. The Ishmaelites bring Joseph into Egypt and sell him to Potiphar, an officer of Pharoah.

Joseph's brethren kill a kid and dip Joseph's coat in the blood. They bring the coat to Jacob and say, This have we found; is it thy son's coat or no? Jacob recognizes the coat, rents his clothes, and refuses to be comforted.

ACT III

Scene, In the Palace

Joseph is overseer in the house of the Egyptian ruler.

His master's wife tempts him to sin against God. He spurns her request. In retaliation she tells her husband that Joseph has insulted her, and he is cast into prison.

ACT IV

Scene, Joseph in Prison

Joseph and his companions, the chief butler and chief baker, who also have displeased the ruler and have been thrown into prison.

They each have a dream and are troubled because there is no interpreter.

Joseph asks them, Do not interpretations belong to God? Tell me the dreams, I pray you.

The butler relates his dream. A vine has three branches which bore clusters of ripe grapes. The butler pressed them into Pharoah's cup, and gave it into his hand.

The interpretation. In three days thou shalt be restored to favor and serve Pharoah as of yore. Joseph asks him to intercede with Pharoah that the king may show kindness unto him who was unjustly cast into prison.

The chief baker relates his dream. He saw

three baskets on his head. The top basket contained food which the birds ate.

Joseph said, Within three days thou shalt be hung upon a tree; and the birds shall eat thy flesh.

Three days later a feast is made to celebrate Pharoah's birthday, and the interpretations of the dreams are confirmed; but the chief butler forgets to speak a good word for Joseph.

ACT V

Scene, Pharoah and The Wise Men

Two years later Pharoah has a dream and is troubled. He calls all the wise men of Egypt together, but none can interpret the dream.

Then the chief butler bethinks himself of the experience of himself and the chief baker when in prison. He relates the dreams and says that a Hebrew, a servant of the captain of the guard, rightly interpreted them.

Pharoah quickly sends for Joseph and relates his dream. He was standing on the bank of a river and beheld seven fat kine and seven lean kine come up out of the river; and the lean kine ate up the seven fat kine; but they were still as lean as ever. He also beheld seven good ears of corn and seven blasted ears of corn growing on the same stalk, and the poor ears of corn devoured the seven good ears.

Joseph interprets the dream. The seven fat kine

and seven good ears of corn are seven years of plenty. The seven lean kine and the blasted ears are seven years of famine. Joseph tells the ruler how to prepare for the years of famine, and it pleases Pharoah so much he makes Joseph ruler over all the land of Egypt.

Joseph prepares for the famine by storing up corn and food during the years of plenty.

ACT VI

Scene, Joseph's Interview With His Ten Brethren

Joseph's brethren have been sent to the governor of Pharoah to buy corn, for there was famine in the land of Canaan.

Joseph knew his brethren, but they knew him not.

He remembers his dreams—which he told them when he was a lad, and to conceal his emotion he speaks roughly unto them, Ye are spies.

They emphatically deny it.

Joseph says, Ye shall not go forth hence, except your youngest brother come here. Send one of you to fetch him.

He keeps them in prison three days; then he holds Simeon as a hostage, and releases the others. He gives them corn to carry home and puts each man's money into his sack.

When one of them opens his sack he finds his money in the mouth of the sack.

ACT VII

Scene, The Interview Between Jacob and His Sons

When the brethren return to their native land they tell their father, Jacob, that the governor had accused them of being spies, and that he held Simeon in prison until they bring Benjamin unto him and thus prove the falsity of the accusation.

Jacob refuses to let Benjamin go.

When they have eaten the corn that they brought out of Egypt the father asks them to go again to the governor to buy more corn.

They tell him that the trip would be fruitless unless they take Benjamin with them. The father reluctantly consents, and tells them to take a present to the governor.

The men make ready the present, take Benjamin and depart.

ACT VIII

Scene, Joseph and His Brethren

When Joseph sees Benjamin and his brothers coming, he tells the ruler of the house to prepare dinner for the men.

His brethren return to Joseph the money found in their sacks.

While the men are eating, Joseph commands his servants to fill his brethren's sacks with food, and again put their money into the sacks and put his silver cup in the youngest one's sack.

In the morning the men depart. When they are outside the city walls Joseph sends his steward to ask them, Wherefore have ye rewarded evil for good?

They deny having stolen the cup. The men are searched, and the cup is found in Benjamin's sack.

Then the men rent their clothes and return to Joseph's house; and they fall before him on the ground. (A fulfillment of Joseph's dream.)

He asks them, What horrid deed is this ye have done?

Judah replies, Behold, we are my lord's servants.

Joseph says, God forbid that I should so do. The man in whose hand the cup is found shall be my servant.

Judah tells Joseph that it will kill their father if they return without the lad. He begs that Benjamin be allowed to return with his brethren and offers himself to be a bondsman in his stead.

Joseph can conceal his identity no longer. He says unto his brethren, I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither; for God did send me before you to preserve life.

He kisses his brethren and says, Make haste and bring your families, and flocks, and all you possess hither, and abide with us; for there are yet five years of famine.

Chapter XXV

THANKSGIVING

> Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.
>
> —Oliver Wendell Holmes.

AS THANKSGIVING Day drew near Eugene Maxfield decided to change the order of the Thanksgiving service.

Instead of having the usual morning service which only a few persons attended, and the collection for the poor which averaged less than a nickle apiece, he sent invitations to all the persons holding season tickets for the historical pageant to attend a social at the club-house on Thanksgiving eve.

A fine turkey printed in colors on the complimentary admission cards served to whet the appetite for the menu which was to follow.

The innovation was received with favor. The club-house was packed to its limit.

When the guests arrived they saw a handsome decoration of wheat, oats, rye, and corn on the platform. The design was in the form of a globe, and had the figure ten upon it. The people greatly admired it and were curious to know what it signified. They said one to another, "Who made the globe?" "What does it mean?"

Dick Crawford, who was home for Thanksgiving, said, "You folks are so stupid. Don't you remember that ten of Joseph's brethren came to him to buy corn and so Reddy is going to preach tonight on the Ten Commandments."

The services began promptly at eight o'clock with the congregation singing, "Come thou fount of every blessing," which was followed by the choir rendering Effie Hoffman-Rogers' Thanksgiving hymn:

Our Father's God from out whose hand
Life's good things flow like grains of sand,
We praise and thank Thee that the year
Has brought us much of peace and cheer.

Gratefully now our hearts we raise
To God, our Father, full of praise,
For joy, content and love that crowned
All our lives the whole year 'round.

Dear Lord! wilt Thou be ever near,
Shed love and mercy everywhere;
Thine ear attuned to hear us plead,
Give strength sufficient for our need.

When the song was ended Eugene Maxfield said, "We have assembled here to express in a practical way our thanks to Almighty God for the bountiful harvest he has given us and for his many mercies to us.

"It is written, 'The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the world, and they that dwell therein.'

"The figure ten on this globe has a two-fold significance. It represents the annual dividend that the Central Bank of this city distributes to its stockholders. It also refers to the statement made in the Bible: This shall be God's house, and of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give a tenth unto thee."

Then Mr. Maxfield gave them a short discourse on the value of the ancient and modern system of interest and dividends, and of setting aside one-tenth of our income for the Lord's work.

He read to them a number of written and printed testimonials from people who for years had followed the systematic plan of tithing. They recommended for others to follow their example.

In his prayer at the close of the sermon Eugene Maxfield said, "Our Father, we come to thee in the name of thine only Son. We thank thee for thy love and for thy watchful care over us. Thou hast bestowed many generous gifts upon us. May our gifts to thee be the expression of our gratitude and love to thee. May we hear the prophet of old saying, 'Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house.' This night may we resolve that not only in harvest-time but throughout the year we will bring our tithes into thy storehouse. We pray that thou wilt hear our resolves and open the windows of heaven, and pour us out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it. We plead in the name of Christ our Saviour. Amen."

Rising from his knees the young preacher asked the ushers to pass some printed pledge-cards among the congregation. Then he said, "Instead of the usual collection I will ask as many of you as wish to tithe your income for a year to please sign these cards and return them to me before we are dismissed."

More than a score of cards were signed, and again the heart of the young minister was made glad.

Then followed a social hour, when turkey sandwiches, ice-cream, cake, coffee, and hot chocolate were served to all.

Alice Horner, Dick Crawford's best girl, being on the refreshment committee, he hung around the kitchen during the social hour. Seeing so much food left over he said to her, "What are you going to do with all this grub? I just can't eat any more."

"I suggested that we sell it and pay the electric light bill, but Mr. Maxfield would not let us do it. He asked us to fix up baskets of food and take them around to a number of poor families in the morning."

"May I help?" asked Dick.

"No, you can't. You'd eat up all the food, if we trusted you with the baskets."

Chapter XXVI

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

> How far that little candle throws its beams!
> So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
> —Shakespeare.

THERE was a larger congregation than usual at the Sunday morning service—the increase was largely due to the preacher's round-up of the membership the preceding week.

The people were surprised to see a stranger with their pastor. They asked one another, "Who is he? What's he here for?"

After the opening services, Mr. Maxfield said, "Since I came to Jamestown quite a number of persons have asked for permission to use this pulpit for presenting some cause in which they were interested, but I have not felt at liberty to gratify their petitions. But we have with us today a friend of mine who has a message which I am sure we all will be interested in hearing."

The stranger took for his text, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

After a short but powerful sermon, he said in closing, "I am the official secretary of our Church society which is raising money to provide for the support of aged ministers, their widows and dependent children.

"Living in this city is a Reverend Crawford and his crippled wife. They should be wards of the Church.

"This is our plan. You contribute a certain sum of money to purchase a Survivorship Life Annuity Bond of our society for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Crawford. We will pay to brother Crawford an annuity every three months as long as he lives, and should his wife survive him we will pay her the annuity as long as she lives.

"As this feature of applied Christianity may be new to some of you, I will now give you the opportunity to ask me any questions regarding it."

Eugene Maxfield was the first to speak, "Did you originate this annuity plan, and are other organizations using this system?"

The stranger replied, "The annuity system began long before our Saviour was born. It has been a great financial power in European countries for several hundred years. It has been in usage in the United States for a century and a half.

"The plan is meeting with general favor for financing church and educational organizations. It is also a great help to individuals like brother Crawford."

One of the men in the congregation asked, "Where is brother Crawford today?"

Eugene Maxfield replied, "I arranged for one of our good farmer friends to invite brother and sister Crawford to spend the week's end with them in the country. It would be embarrassing to have them here when we are on the point of making them a Christmas present of a Life Annuity Bond."

One of the church sisters piped out, "We always give them a donation every Christmas, and I think that's enough."

One of the business men said, "I feel like helping the old couple, for I don't think Dick Crawford will ever save a cent. He always spends all the money his daddy gives him."

"That's just the point, brother," said the stranger. "This annuity system will provide for Mr. and Mrs. Crawford during their lifetime, and when they pass on to their reward, the money which you contribute will be released, and it will continue doing good to the end of time.

"You see by this plan that you are not only providing a regular income for our aged friends, who have labored so faithfully among you, but you are 'laying up for yourselves treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.' "

"What will the bond cost?" asked a practical business man.

"That depends upon the amount of annuity that you wish to provide for Mr. and Mrs. Crawford. They are well-advanced in years and are entitled to a high rate of annuity."

A brother-in-law of the Church said, "If we can raise seven thousand dollars I am willing to give five hundred dollars of the amount. I think that a seven thousand dollar bond will give them a very comfortable income. It is the most practical thing we can do to show our appreciation for their work."

Before the congregation was dismissed nearly the whole sum was pledged. A committee was named to solicit those who were not present for the shortage.

After the benediction, one of the retired farmers shaking hands with the speaker of the morning said wistfully, "I wish I was a preacher, so that I could have one of those gilt-edge bonds."

"You can buy one for yourself, my friend. We sell them to everybody."

"You don't mean to say that you sell them to people who are not Church members, do you? I am not what you call a believer."

"Yes, we sell a good many Life Annuity Bonds to men like yourself. I see you are a believer in the annuity plan. Would that you were a believer and possessor of the Christian religion."

"Say, Mister, why don't you advertise this plan, if you think it is so good?"

"We do advertise it, quite largely."

"I guess you are mistaken. I take our two home papers, *The Farmer's Reliable Guide* and *The Saturday Evening Post.* None of these papers ever advertise Life Annuity Bonds."

"You are right, my friend. But don't you take the church papers?"

"Oh, yes, I forgot them. Every Sunday our young folks bring two kinds home. You know we get them for nothing. I read them all through. Guess I've missed seeing your advertisement."

The next morning the farmer and his wife bought two Life Annuity Bonds for themselves and one for their only daughter, who was a widow.

Chapter XXVII

HER RECOMPENSE

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.
—Wm. Congreve.

THE PEOPLE of Jamestown could scarcely wait for the third play—"Ruth, the Moabitess Damsel."

ACT I

Scene, On the Highway to Bethlehem

A famine in the land of Judah caused Elimelech and Naomi, his wife, and their two sons to go into the land of Moab to dwell.

Elimelech died, and the sons married women of Moab named Orpah and Ruth. They lived in Moab about ten years when the sons died.

Naomi hears there is bread in the land of Judah and resolves to return to her native land. She and her daughters-in-law start on the homeward journey.

She says unto them, Go, return each to her mother's house; the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead, and with me.

They embrace and weep. Orpah kisses her, but Ruth refuses to leave her mother-in-law.

Naomi says to Ruth, Behold thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people; return thou also.

Ruth replies, Entreat me not to leave thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me.

When the two women arrive at Bethlehem, the people ask in surprise, Is this our Naomi who went unto the land of Moab to dwell?

And she answered sadly, Call me not Naomi, call me Mara; for I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty.

ACT II

Scene, The Reapers

Naomi's husband had a wealthy kinsman named Boaz who dwelt in Bethlehem.

The next morning Ruth said unto Naomi, Let me now go to the field, and glean ears of corn.

Naomi replies, Go, my daughter.

Ruth went and gleaned in Boaz's portion of the field.

When Boaz comes from Bethlehem he notices the new face among the reapers, and asks his servant, Whose damsel is this?

He tells him, It is Ruth, the Moabitess damsel, who came back with Naomi out of the country of Moab. She asked permission to gather after the reapers among the sheaves.

Boaz said unto Ruth, My daughter, go not to glean in another field, but abide here fast by my maidens. Have I not charged the young men that they shall not touch thee?

Ruth inquires, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldest take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?

Boaz answers, It hath been fully shewed me, all that thou hast done unto thy mother-in-law since the death of thine husband; and how thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore.

The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel.

Then she said, Let me find favour in thy sight, my lord; for thou hast spoken friendly unto thine handmaid.

Boaz tells her to come hither at meal time.

She sits beside the reapers, eats her lunch, and is sufficed.

When she returns to her gleaning, Boaz tells his young men to drop handfuls of barley and leave them for her to gather, and to rebuke her not.

So Ruth gleans all day and when evening is come she beats out her barley and takes her grain and shares it with her mother-in-law.

Naomi asks her, Where hast thou gleaned today?

Ruth tells her that she had gleaned in Boaz's field.

The devout Naomi says, Blessed be he of the Lord, who hath not left off his kindness to the living and to the dead.

Ruth tells Naomi that Boaz had said to her, Thou shalt keep fast by my young men until the harvest is ended.

Naomi is pleased with God's providence, and tells Ruth, It is good, my daughter, that thou go out with his maidens.

So Ruth gleans beside the maidens of Boaz until the end of the harvest; and continues to dwell with her mother-in-law.

ACT III

Scene, The Threshing Floor.

After the harvest Naomi tells Ruth that Boaz is her kinsman, and that tonight he will winnow the barley in the threshing floor.

She tells her to anoint herself and hasten to the threshing floor; to keep in the background until Boaz shall have done eating and drinking; to mark the place where he lies down, and when he is asleep to go in and uncover his feet, and lay down.

Ruth answers meekly, All that thou sayest, I will do.

When Boaz has eaten and drunk, and his heart is merry, he lies down to sleep; Ruth comes in softly and lies down at his feet.

At midnight Boaz awakens and is startled to find a woman at his feet. He asks her, Who art thou?

She answers, with trembling voice, I am Ruth, thy handmaiden. Thou art a near kinsman.

He quiets her fears, saying, My daughter, fear not; for all the city of my people know that thou art a virtuous woman.

He tells her to lie down until morning and then hasten back to the city before anyone is astir. He says to her, Thou must not go empty handed to thy mother-in-law, hold thy apron, and he gives her six measures of barley, and she returns to the city.

She relates her story to Naomi.

ACT IV

Scene, Beside the City Gate

The land of Naomi's husband is to be sold at forced sale.

Boaz says to her next of kin that whoever redeems the land must take Ruth to wife, as the custom of the land requireth.

The man says, I cannot redeem it, lest I mar my own inheritance; redeem thou my right to thyself.

Boaz withdraws his shoe, according to the custom when property changes hands, and says to

the men, Ye are my witnesses that I have bought all that was Elimelech's and his sons. Moreover Ruth, the wife of Mahlon, have I purchased to be my wife.

The people and the elders say, We are witnesses.

So Boaz takes Ruth, the Moabitess, to be his wife, and the Lord gives them a son whom the neighbors named Obed. There is great rejoicing, and the women say unto Naomi, Blessed be the Lord, which hath not left thee this day without a kinsman, that his name may be found in Israel.

Chapter XXVIII

THE WISE MAN

A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

—St. Luke.

The fourth play was entitled "The Wise Man."

ACT I

Scene, The Death Bed of David

David said to his son Solomon, I go the way of all the earth; be thou strong therefore, and show thyself a man. And keep the charge of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, and to keep his commandments.

ACT II

Scene, The Crowning of Solomon

Zadoh the priest takes a horn of oil out of the tabernacle and anoints Solomon. The trumpet is blown, and the people cry God save King Solomon.

King Solomon goes to Gibeon and offers sacrifice in the high place.

ACT III

Scene, Solomon Relates His Dream

The Lord appears to Solomon at Gibeon in a dream by night. God asks, What shall I give thee?

Solomon says, Give thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad.

The Lord said, Because thou hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment; Behold, I have done according to thy words; And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honor. If thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days.

Solomon goes to Jerusalem, and stands before the ark of the covenant of the Lord, and offers up burnt-offerings, and peace-offerings, and makes a feast for all his servants.

ACT IV

Scene, The Judgment Hall

Two women appear before Solomon, each claiming a certain child, and ask his judgment.

ACT V

Scene, Building the Temple

Solomon sends a message to Hiram, King of Tyre, saying, Thou knowest how that David, my father, could not build an house unto the name of the Lord his God for the wars which were about him on every side. But now the Lord my God hath given me rest on every side, and I purpose to

build an house unto him. Therefore let thy servants and mine prepare material for to build it.

King Solomon gives instructions how to build the temple.

ACT VI

Scene, Furnishing the Temple

Solomon calls together all the elders of Israel, and bids them bring the ark of the covenant of the Lord out of the city of David.

They bring the ark of the Lord, and the tabernacle of the congregation, and all the holy vessels that are in the tabernacle, and they place them in the most holy place of the temple.

In the ark are the two tables of stone, which Moses put there at Horeb, when the Lord made a covenant with the children of Israel, when they came out of the land of Egypt.

When the priests come out of the holy place, a cloud fills the house of the Lord.

Solomon says, The prophecy of the Lord, I will dwell in the thick darkness, is fulfilled.

ACT VII

Scene, The Dedication

Solomon stands before the altar, and with a loud voice, says, Blessed be the Lord, that hath given rest unto the people of Israel. The Lord our God be with us; let him not forsake us; incline our hearts unto him, to walk in all his ways, and to

keep his commandments, that all the people of the earth may know that the Lord is God, and there is none else.

The Lord appears unto Solomon the second time, and says unto him, I have heard thy prayer, and if thou wilt walk uprightly before me, and will do all that I have commanded thee, then I will establish the throne of thy kingdom upon Israel for ever.

ACT VIII

Scene, Solomon and the Queen of Sheba

The queen of Sheba, with her train of servants bearing presents of gold, spices, and precious stones for Solomon, comes to Jerusalem.

Solomon tells her how the Lord has blessed him.

She listens to many of his proverbs. She says, It was a true report that I heard in mine own land of thy acts and of thy wisdom. I believed not the words, until I came, and mine eyes had seen it; and behold the half was not told me.

ACT IX

Scene, Solomon in the Temple

Solomon stands before his people, and lifts his hands toward heaven, and delivers his matchless sermon:

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years

draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened; nor the clouds return after the rain:

In the days when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened.

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail, because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets;

Or ever the silver cord be broken, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel be broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.

Chapter XXIX

A JEWISH QUEEN

Revenge, at first thought sweet,
Bitter ere long on itself recoils.

—Milton.

THE GENERAL topic of conversation from one week's end to another was these plays, and the book-store could scarcely supply the demand for Bibles.

Each Sunday intervening between the plays Eugene Maxfield gave a brief outline of the Old Testament history of the period leading up to the next play.

Those who witnessed the plays found it worth their while also to attend church as they had a better conception of the following play.

The fifth play was entitled "A Jewish Queen."

ACT I

Scene, In the King's Garden

Ahasuerus makes a feast in the third year of his reign, and when he is merry with wine, he commands his chamberlain to bring Vashti, the queen, before the king, to show the people her beauty.

The queen refuses to obey the summons.

The king asks the wise men, What shall be done unto the queen Vashti?

Memucan answers, If it pleases the king, let Vashti come no more before King Ahasuerus; and let the king give her royal estate to another.

The king appoints officers to gather together all the fair young virgins unto the palace, so that he may select one to be the queen.

There dwelt in the palace a Jew named Mordecai. He had been like a father to his orphan cousin Esther, who was fair and beautiful.

When the maidens were brought to the palace, Esther was among the chosen number.

Mordecai tells Esther not to reveal her parentage to the king.

When she is brought before the king she finds grace and favor in his sight. He sets the royal crown upon her head and makes her the new queen.

ACT II

Scene, Outside the City Gate

The king makes Haman second in rank to himself, and commands the people to reverence him.

Mordecai refuses to obey the command.

When Haman sees that Mordecai does not bow, nor do him reverence, he seeks revenge not only upon Mordecai, but, knowing that he is a Jew, also upon all his tribe.

Haman says to the king Ahasuerus; There is a certain people scattered abroad in all the provinces

of thy kingdom that keep not the king's laws; therefore it is not for the king's profit to suffer them. If it please the king, let it be written that they be destroyed.

The King takes his ring from his hand, and gives it to Haman, and says, Thou mayest do unto them as seemeth good to thee.

Haman writes letters in the name of the king, and seals them with the king's ring. These letters are sent into all the king's provinces. The decree read: To destroy all Jews, both young and old, on the thirteenth day of the twelfth month, and to take the spoil of them for a prey.

ACT III

Scene, The Plot Revealed

When Mordecai hears of the plot, he rents his clothes, puts on sackcloth and ashes, goes out and cries bitterly.

Wherever the king's decree is read there is fasting and mourning among the Jews.

Esther's maids come and tell her of Mordecai's act.

She sends an officer to ask Mordecai what troubles him. Mordecai tells him of Haman's plot to destroy the Jews.

He sends a copy of the decree to Esther, and bids her to go in unto the king and intercede for her people.

Esther sends Mordecai a copy of the law forbidding any one, under penalty of death, to come before the king in the inner court, who is not called, except such to whom the king shall hold out the golden sceptre, that he may live.

Mordecai tells the messenger to say to Esther, Think not that thou shalt escape more than all the Jews, for if thou holdest thy peace at this time, thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed; and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?

Then Esther sends word to tell Mordecai to gather all the Jews in Shushan, and to bid them fast three days and nights, and she and her maidens will also fast; and she will venture to go unsummoned unto the king.

ACT IV

Scene, Esther's Banquet

The third day Esther puts on her royal robe and stands before the king.

When the king sees Esther he extends the golden sceptre and asks, What wilt thou, queen Esther? and what is thy request?

She answers, If it seem good unto the king, let the king and Haman come this day unto the banquet that I have prepared for him.

The king says to Haman, Make haste and we will go to the queen's banquet.

At the banquet the king asks, Queen Esther, what is thy petition?

Esther replies, If it please the king to grant my petition, let the king and Haman come to the banquet that I shall prepare for them tomorrow, and then I will tell thee my request.

Haman, as he is leaving, meets Mordecai at the king's gate, and he is angry because Mordecai does not salute him.

Haman goes home and tells his wife and friends how the king honored him, and that the king and he were the only ones whom the queen invited to partake of her banquet. But it availeth me nothing, as long as I see Mordecai, the Jew, sitting at the king's gate.

His wife and friends suggest that he have a gallows built, and on the morrow to request the king to have Mordecai hung thereon.

ACT V

Scene, In the King's Chamber

King Ahasuerus has a sleepless night. He commands his attendants to bring the book of the chronicles and read to him.

It is found written that Mordecai had learned of the plot of two of the king's chamberlains to kill him, and that he had saved the king's life.

The king asks, What honor and dignity hath been done to Mordecai for this?

The servant answers, Nothing.

Who is in the court? the king asks.

The king's servants reply, Haman standeth in the court.

Let him come in, the king replies.

When Haman enters, the king asks, What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor?

Haman, thinking that the king has himself in mind, says, Let the royal apparel and the king's horse be delivered to the king's most noble princes that they may clothe him and lead him on horseback through the streets of the city, and proclaim before him, Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor.

Then the king commands Haman to make haste and do all that he said to Mordecai, the Jew.

Haman regretfully obeys the king, then he hastens home, and tells his wife and friends of the misfortunes which have befallen him.

ACT VI

Scene, The Queen's Banquet

The king and Haman attend queen Esther's banquet.

The second time the king asks, What is thy petition, queen Esther, and it shall be granted thee?

If I have found favor in thy sight, O king, let my life be given me at my petition, and my people at my request. We are sold to be put to death.

The king asks the queen, Who is he, and where is he, that presumes to do so?

Esther says, The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman.

The king angrily arises from the banquet table, and goes into the garden.

Haman, seeing that the king is displeased, begs the queen to intercede for his life.

The king's chamberlains say unto the king, Behold, also, the gallows which Haman made for Mordecai.

The king commands, Hang Haman thereon.

ACT VII

Scene, The King's Court

King Ahasuerus gives the house of Haman to queen Esther.

She tells the king of her relationship to Mordecai.

The king gives his ring to Mordecai, and the queen sets him over the house of Haman.

Esther falls at the feet of the king and, with tears in her eyes, begs him to save her people from death.

The king extends the golden sceptre and grants the queen's request.

Chapter XXX

CHRISTMAS

> While Thanksgiving has its foundation on Plymouth Rock, Christmas rests upon the Rock of Ages.
>
> —Chas. W. Warner.

WHILE Eugene Maxfield was drilling the Boy Scouts in physical exercises the day after Thanksgiving, the superintendent of the public schools asked him, "Parson, will you help us get up some good holiday exercises for our schools?"

"For what holiday?" he asked.

"Why, Christmas, of course."

Eugene Maxfield, looking the man full in the eye, asked, "Is the public school a religious organization?"

"No, sir. Why do you ask?"

"For all patriotic holidays our public schools should have appropriate exercises, but Christmas, being the birthday of Christ, the Church and not the public school should commemorate that event."

"Oh, yes, I see your point, Mr. Maxfield. We will omit the Christmas exercises in our public schools this year."

The largest congregation that had ever assembled in the Jamestown church was out on the following Sunday.

Mr. Maxfield gave a fine sermon; taking for his text, "What think ye of Christ?"

He briefly reviewed the birth, life, death, resurrection and ascension of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Then he made reference to the historical pageant that had been given in Jamestown.

He said, "Many requests have been made to have them repeated. I will ask for an expression whether you would rather have them repeated, or have us get up a pageant based on the life of Christ."

Mr. Russell said, "As so many people who have not seen the plays are asking to have them repeated, I think they should be given again. For my part I would like to see and hear the new play. As it takes a long time to prepare these plays, I will make a motion that our friends repeat the first series while they are learning the new plays."

The motion was carried.

Just before Christmas Dick Crawford came home for the holidays. He was greeted heartily by his townsmen, for he was a great favorite.

As already stated in this chronicle Eugene Maxfield was a firm believer in printer's ink; so just before Christmas he secured a large supply of cards embellished with a wreath of holiday green, and printed thereon this greeting:

> We hope you are joyful and jolly and gay,
> And brimming with gladness on this Christmas Day.

The Christmas exercises were held in the church on Christmas eve. The cantata was given by the smaller

children. It represented the children returning from Jerusalem after the Feast of the Passover. As the children lagged behind the rest of the procession, they talked about what they saw and heard at Jerusalem, and they played games by the highway.

After the program was over, the brass band played several numbers while the people were gathering at the club-house.

Every one was given a treat of candy and fruit nicely packed in pasteboard boxes. Inside of each box was a Christmas card on which was written a verse of Scripture. The preacher asked the children to memorize their verses so as to repeat them when he should call for them some Sunday.

At the close of the exercises, Mr. Williams said to the young preacher, "Will you eat Christmas dinner at my house? I wish to have a confidential talk with you."

"Yes, thank you. I certainly will be glad to accept your kind invitation. What time shall I come?"

"We dine at noon. Please be on time, for I have an important engagement at four o'clock."

Mr. Maxfield and Dick Crawford were the last two persons to leave the club-house.

"Let's take a walk," proposed Dick. "I want to tell you something, and ask your advice about a matter that has been worrying me."

When they had passed the business part of town, Dick said, "Reddy, I have never been much of a help to my parents. They have always supported me.

"A short time ago dad received a letter from uncle Ned, his only brother, who lives in a neighboring state. He was going to celebrate his silver wedding. I wrote to dad and

urged him to go, but he replied that it was so far away that they could not drive, and so they had decided not to go.

"The other day the railroad agent told me that dad had been at the station and inquired the price of a ticket to his brother's town. Then he asked him to let him see one of the tickets, and after carefully reading all of the conditions printed on the ticket, dad told the agent that he guessed they would not take the chances on going so far away from home.

"The agent said, 'Your father is certainly a very careful man.'

" 'Yes,' I replied, 'that's so,' but I feel sure that dad did not have the money to spare, and so denied himself the pleasure of going to visit uncle Ned.

"Say, Reddy, that annuity stunt was a fine thing for dad. I heard him telling God about it, and thanking him for it. I thank you for getting the people to come across.

"Tell me, is there any way I can get some money to pay my expenses while I am training to be a preacher?"

"Can't you get some work to do at the college?" asked Mr. Maxfield.

"Yes, Reddy, but there is not enough work for all the boys, and I have conscientious scruples about asking for jobs when there are so many young fellows who are poorer than myself who need them. But I, too, want to be self-supporting, and so no longer be a burden to dad, and the way is not clear to me how to do it."

"I am sure, Dick, that God will open a door of opportunity for you."

By this time the men had approached the edge of the grove north of the city.

Eugene Maxfield said to Dick, "Let's pray about it."

When each had prayed, Dick said, "I like to hear you pray, Reddy, I feel better already. Your prayers have no curves in them. They are delivered mighty swift, right over the plate, and just the kind that God can hit."

Before they had reached the hotel Reddy clapped his hand to his head, saying, "I've got an idea, Dick."

"You mean another idea, Reddy. From your agility I inferred the disturbance might be something external. Well, what is it?"

"Study up the diseases and treatments of trees. When I was at Riverside I saw many beautiful trees dying for the lack of intelligent treatment."

"I don't know anything about trees except to climb them for fruit," interrupted Dick.

"Listen, Dick. I took a course in tree culture at the university and I can help you get started. As you study and work with the trees you will acquire knowledge. Besides, it will pay you well for the little time required."

"Thank you, Reddy. How shall I start?"

"Get some cards printed giving your name and business. Then send them to the wealthy men who have diseased trees."

"All right, I'll do it, but I suspect they will call me the bug man at the university."

"Go to it, Dick," said the preacher as they parted at the hotel, "and may your shadow never grow less."

Chapter XXXI

FIRST FRUITS

Faith without works is like a bird without wings.
—Beaumont.

EUGENE MAXFIELD presented himself promptly at noon on Christmas at Mr. Williams' house.

He was asked to offer the blessing at the table. The meal was scarcely begun when he saw Mr. Williams wipe his eyes.

With a choking voice the banker said, "Since you preached the funeral sermon of our son, my wife and I have thought and talked much about religion. My wife used to go to church quite regularly, but I have not gone much since I quit going to Sunday School. When our child was sick my wife prayed often that his life might be spared—but God saw it was best to take him home.

"We remember the text you used at the funeral, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' We are beginning to feel more reconciled at the loss of our boy, especially since our neighbor's son turned out so badly. They were playmates.

"We now see the danger of a boy—or a girl, too, for that matter—having too much money. We are truly thankful that our boy is safe at home in our Father's mansion.

"We have attended all the plays, and have heard you preach several times lately. My wife and I desire to reach our heavenly home and see our boy again, and we do not want to go empty-handed.

"We are both fond of children, but my wife's health will not permit us to adopt a child, for we are compelled to seek a warmer climate every winter. We want to help the children of Jamestown, and we are in a quandary as to what is the best thing to do.

"You said in your sermon last Sunday morning, that Christ came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and God had placed us here to help others.

"The other day I read this stanza which impressed me greatly:

> 'And wisest he in this whole wide land
> Of hoarding 'till bent and grey;
> For all you can hold in your cold dead hand
> Is what you have given away.'

"Mr. Maxfield, if you had money what would you do with it?"

Eugene Maxfield did not speak for a moment. This verse flashed through his mind, "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God who giveth liberally."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Williams were very wealthy, in fact, the richest people in Jamestown.

While Eugene Maxfield was pondering in his mind Mr. Williams' question he thought of the Saviour's command, "Ask for large things that your joy may be full." Looking the banker in the face, the minister said, "Mr. Williams, there are many things that you could do that would be a fine memorial for your son.

"If you please, I would suggest that you build a good library building, and provide an ample supply of good books especially adapted for the school children, as well as good books for the adults; or build a township high-school building and stipulate that special attention be given to home economics, household science, and manual training. That would be of untold blessing to the whole community.

"Now that our Board of Trade is trying to make our town better and more attractive, new factories are likely to locate here.

"The day is not far distant when we will need a modern church, and that would be a handsome present to the city. You know that we have the best corner lot in the city for a church.

"There is a beautiful fifteen-acre grove on the river bank north of town which would make a fine park for the city.

"That half block of ground near the school house would make a fine playground for the children; but, my friend, of what value are these gifts compared to the personal gift of yourself to the Saviour? Will you not accept Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour, confess him to the world, and then lay your gift on the altar as a thank-offering, and a memorial to your son?"

"We agree with you, Mr. Maxfield, and thank you for the splendid suggestions. My wife and I invited you here today to have you pray for us, and to lead us into the kingdom. We thought that Christmas Day being Christ's birthday, it would be a good way to celebrate it by beginning our lives anew. When the doors of the Church are opened, we would like to unite with the Church."

Eugene Maxfield had spent many a joyous Christmas, but none that equalled this, for he was now tasting the first fruits of his labor in Jamestown.

He could scarcely wait to tell his friends the good news of Mr. and Mrs. Williams' conversion, but he wisely refrained from speaking of the memorial proposition.

There was great rejoicing in the Crawford family when they heard of Mr. and Mrs. Williams desire to unite with the Church.

Dick said, "Bully for you, Reddy. That's your first tally. I told dad that, instead of singing, 'The old time religion is good enough for me,' you were putting it in the game, and you'd kick up the dust all right before you reached the home plate."

Rev. Elias Crawford turned to his wife and said, "My dear, God has answered our prayers."

"Say, dad, I heard a sermon at the college about faith without works being dead. I guess, dad, that you're the faith, and Reddy is the works. 'Don't rock the boat, and we'll all make port.' "

Chapter XXXII

THE TRIBE OF ISRAEL

Friends are like melons. Shall I tell you why?
To find one good, you must a hundred try.
—Claude Mermet.

THE FIVE Old Testament plays were repeated to crowded houses. Many persons came from neighboring cities to see them.

Eugene Maxfield had learned of the usual custom of making New Year's calls in Jamestown, and if certain reports be true he thought it was time to make a change in the order of the day.

Before Christmas he asked the baseball boys what they thought about holding a New Year's reception at the clubhouse.

They were pleased with the suggestion, and began at once making plans to give the people of Jamestown as fine a New Year's treat as it was possible for them to provide.

On Sunday before New Year's the congregation was surprised to see the Jamestown baseball club sitting on the church platform.

Mr. Maxfield's sermon was founded on New Year's resolutions. His text was, "I am resolved what to do." The sermon was short, but full of good advice. Mr. and Mrs. Williams were baptized and united with the Church.

At the close of the sermon, Mr. Maxfield introduced Jack McCloud, the manager of the baseball club, to the congregation; and he gave a general invitation to all the people of Jamestown to attend the New Year's reception at the club-house.

After the congregation was dismissed one of the elderly sisters said to Mr. Maxfield: "I am afraid you made a mistake in taking Mr. Williams into the Church."

"Why so?" he asked.

"Oh, he's always asking the people for money. I am afraid he'll expect us to give more money to the Church."

"Does he get the money when he asks for it?" anxiously inquired the minister.

"Indeed he does. That's not the worst of it. Whenever any kind of a campaign is on here for money they always make Mr. Williams chairman of the committee. He sticks to a person like a leech until he gets the money."

"I thank you, my sister, for this information. Now let us pray that your son may be the next to be converted." He knew that the widow's only son had strayed far from the straight and narrow way.

New Year's day was clear and cold.

Dick Crawford, who was on the reception committee, was the first one at the club-house. When he saw the preacher coming, he cried out, "Hello, Reddy, I'm the happiest animal on this side of the equator."

"Your looks certainly confirm your words, Dick. What caused your happiness?"

"Listen, Reddy. Mr. Packard was at church when that Life Annuity Bond was bought for dad. A few days ago he

was over at the college and induced the Board of Trustees of our college to start a Life Annuity department. He bought the first Life Annuity Bond that the college issued, then he gave the college ten thousand dollars to help endow the Life Annuity department, and he also gave the college five thousand dollars which was to be put in a Students' Loan Fund to help poor scholars attain an education.

"I've just received a letter from our college president saying that they will loan me two hundred dollars. Sure, I'm as happy as an old widower with a young bride."

"I'm glad to hear that Mr. Packard has bought a Life Annuity Bond. I hope that his example will be a stimulus to many others to do likewise."

The people of Jamestown had never seen such a reception as was given at the club-house. It seemed as if everybody was there, and the spirit of friendliness was contagious. When the day was over the workers felt well-repaid for their labor.

As Eugene Maxfield wended his way home he thought of the mystic bond of fellowship which existed between the fraternity men of his college, and that Carlyle said, "A mystic bond of brotherhood makes all men one."

He felt that he ought to do something more to hold the interest of those who had taken part in the pageant.

In the wee small hours of the morning the thought came to him, Why can't we organize a Tribe of Israel?

When he mentioned it to the members of the dramatic company, they received the suggestion with enthusiasm.

Within a few days the Tribe of Israel was organized with due ceremony. The preacher prepared an original initiation

service that was both instructive and amusing. A pledge of faithfulness to the clan was required of each member. The dues were acts of kindness.

To give spice to the organization a grip, sign, and password were chosen. The grip was to be given after the proper sign was made. The password was W-O-R$_7$T-H-Y. It had a threefold significance: first, the members were engaged in a worthy undertaking; secondly, each member was to try to live so as to be worthy to receive the crown of righteousness laid up for the faithful followers of Jesus Christ; and thirdly, the letters of the word comprised the cabalistic motto, Whenever Opportunity, Ready To Help You.

They planned to meet every Tuesday evening at the clubhouse. They voted to have a half hour social and serve some light refreshments. And also have an entertainment of some kind each evening—a reading, story-telling contest, tableaux, or a chalk talk, interspersed with music.

The refreshment committee were requested to have ice-cream and cake every alternate meeting.

One evening the Tribe of Israel received an invitation to a surprise party at the home of a newly-wed couple in Riverside. The invitation was joyfully accepted.

Some one made the remark that the Riverside college boys would certainly be there and give their yell. One of the girls said, "Why can't we have a yell?"

They asked Mr. Maxfield to write one. He said, "Here is paper and pencils; let us all try and see what we can get up. We will take a vote on which seems to be the most appropriate."

Each put on his or her thinking-cap, and, amid many shouts of laughter, the following yell met with the approbation of the tribe:

Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah!
For the band so brave and loyal.
We're wide awake,
Our hearts ne'er ache,
For we're the Tribe of Israel.
Lest you forget
We'll say it yet,
You'll ne'er regret
To hear us yell, yell, yell,
For we're the Tribe of Israel.

The merchants of Jamestown had a co-operative delivery system of which they were very proud. One day when one of the drivers was unloading a churn of ice-cream at the club-house, a man standing on the sidewalk remarked to him, "They use more ice-cream down this alley than all the rest of the town."

"Dat's a fac', co'nel," responded the driver. "Yo-all au-da call dis yere place ice-cream alley."

The name seemed so appropriate that to this day it is still called Ice-Cream Alley.

Chapter XXXIII

THE TREASURER'S RESIGNATION

Business dispatched is business well done.
—Bulwer-Lytton.

A FEW days after the New Year's reception Mr. Maxfield called at the bank and asked Mr. Williams if he could see him after bank hours.

When they were seated in the directors' room, Mr. Maxfield said, "I have been here six months. I have received less than two hundred dollars on my salary."

"That's a shame, Mr. Maxfield; the Church ought to pay you a living wage. Why don't you insist that the Church pay you a good salary? The laborer is worthy of his hire."

"I am not working for money, Mr. Williams, but I believe that the Lord has a work for me to do in Jamestown, for he has surely blessed my efforts here. I believe the Church would be stronger if it had a good financial system and a new treasurer."

"You are right," replied the banker. "The more the Church members put into the Church the more they will get out of it. Have you any plan to suggest?"

"Yes. I think you would make an excellent church treasurer."

"What, me be the church treasurer! Why, parson, don't you know that Mrs. Keenman would be as mad as a wet hen if her job was taken away from her?"

"I can handle Mrs. Keenman all right, if you will consent to be our church treasurer."

"Mr. Maxfield, I realize the odds that you are up against here. You are surely doing a great work. I am perfectly willing to help you if you don't call on me to testify or pray in public. You do the preaching, and I'll do the practising," laughingly said the banker. "Mrs. Keenman has always been keen to run the Church, and my wife says she is now on the lookout for a rich husband."

Eugene Maxfield thanked Mr. Williams for his willingness to help the Church, and said, "I will call on our friend Mrs. Keenman."

True to his promise he called that evening to see her, and after talking for some time about the church work, he said, "Mrs. Keenman, I have been here over six months. I have not said anything to the Church about my salary. I think the time has come when the Church should pay me a regular salary. Do you not think so?"

"Yes, sir. I do. We could not get along without you. My children think there is no man like you. What salary do you think we ought to pay you?"

"Well, I am worth two thousand dollars a year to our Church," said Mr. Maxfield musingly.

Mrs. Keenman jumped as though she had been shot. She shrieked, "Why, man, are you crazy? You know very well that the Church cannot pay such a salary. I have paid you lots of money already."

"How much have you paid me?" he inquired.

"Oh, I don't know how much. I'm so busy I have not kept track of it," she answered.

"Mrs. Keenman, you've paid me just one hundred and eighty five dollars. See, here are the dates and amounts."

Mrs. Keenman looked over Mr. Maxfield's figures, and wiping the perspiration from her face, said coldly, "Oh, I suppose you've got another call, and you want us to pay you as much money as you are offered elsewhere."

"No, Mrs. Keenman, you are mistaken. I have not received another call. But we have a number of wealthy members who could easily contribute more money to the church expenses. If you were to tithe your income you could pay a thousand dollars a year on the running expenses of our Church.

"For the good of the Church I shall insist on a good salary payable weekly, beginning with the first of next month."

"You can count me out. I'll resign as treasurer before I will pay any more on your salary. I don't believe in preachers working for money, anyhow."

"Will you put your resignation in writing?"

"Indeed I will. You'll see then that it's not as easy a job as you think to get money to run the church."

Mr. Maxfield took a sheet of paper from his pocket and wrote out a resignation which Mrs. Keenman reluctantly signed.

The next Sunday morning Eugene Maxfield announced that he wished the members of the Church at the close of

the mid-week prayer-meeting to stay for a short business meeting.

At prayer meeting Mrs. Keenman's resignation was read, and on motion accepted. Mr. Williams was elected treasurer. Plans were formulated for running the Church on a self-respecting basis.

Mr. Maxfield was granted a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year. Mr. Williams was appointed chairman of the Finance Committee, and in a short time the full amount of the church budget was subscribed.

Chapter XXXIV

IDEAL BONDS

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares.
—Lowell.

ONE MORNING Mr. Maxfield received a letter from Doctor Thompson, the president of Endeavor College. He asked permission to use the pulpit some Sunday. Mr. Maxfield showed the letter to Mr. Packard and asked his advice.

Mr. Packard carefully read the letter and said, "There are quite a number of people who might be able to buy Life Annuity Bonds of Endeavor College, but they cannot afford to give their money away unless they get a fairly good rate of annuity that will be paid promptly quarterly or semi-annually.

"Rich folks like to hold on to their money, and they would like to take it with them if they were sure it would not melt. That is the reason so many wills are written. I doubt if many of the rich people of Jamestown would buy Life Annuity Bonds. But I am in favor of having President Thompson come. I will be glad to entertain him and do what I can to help him sell some Life Annuity Bonds."

On the following Sunday morning Doctor Thompson occupied Mr. Maxfield's pulpit. He took for his theme "A Good Tree." He showed the care necessary to produce a good tree. He made a comparison between forestry and education. He told of the work and needs of the college, and solicited contributions for it. He explained their life annuity system and expressed the hope that some of the congregation would buy Life Annuity Bonds of them.

Among the many statements Doctor Thompson made regarding the value of the life annuity system none carried more weight than this: "Any business transaction which does not benefit both parties does not secure the best results. Therefore, our trustees are willing to donate a large part of their time—without compensation—to the Life Annuity department of our college, so that our annuitants may have an absolutely safe, regular, and a larger income, free from worry and care, and for the sake of building up our college work when the annuity money is released. These two factors—worry and care—eliminated from a business proposition naturally tend to prolong life."

While he was speaking Doctor Thompson noticed that a lady in the congregation seemed to be deeply interested. At the close of the service when she came forward to speak to him, he said, "My sister, I am glad to see that you are interested in our college."

The lady, who was Mrs. Keenman, replied, "I'm not particularly interested in your college, but I am a lover of trees, and I know what you said about tree culture is true, for I have a big orchard which has made me a lot of money. It took a great deal of work to make it productive.

"I'm more interested in missions than in colleges. If our Missionary Society had Life Annuity Bonds to sell, I might buy a few of their bonds. I can't afford to give my money away, for I might get sick and need all I've got to take care of me. Besides I want to educate my grandchildren, and I would rather leave them my money than to give it to a college."

"My sister, if you will select our college to be your trustee you will be leaving your money, or the use of it, to your grandchildren, and also protecting them from financial reverses."

During the next two days the president received some generous donations for the college, and he sold a few Life Annuity Bonds.

On Wednesday morning a widow telephoned to Eugene Maxfield that she wanted his advice, and invited him to call and see her immediately. When he arrived she said, "I have been thinking about what Doctor Thompson said about Life Annuity Bonds being a good investment.

"I have two sons who, I am sorry to say, are far from being good men. I realize that my days on earth are numbered.

"I have twenty-five thousand dollars invested in interest-bearing securities and several pieces of real estate which are a great care to me. My income barely covers our expenses. Over and over again my boys chide me because I do not give them more money to spend, and they are often very disrespectful to me. My sons are not much comfort to me. I wish it was necessary for them to earn their own living. Riches have been a curse to them.

"I have never made a will because if I gave any money to religious or educational organizations I know that my boys would break the will. I wish that I could give my money to some good organization that would pay us a good income for life. It would save me many sleepless nights."

"That's one of the big advantages of the life annuity system. No one can divert the principal, and the annuity will be paid to you during your lifetime, and, if you so specify in the bonds, in case your sons should outlive you, the annuity will be paid to them during their lifetime."

"Is that so? Well! well! I'm so glad to hear that. Now please tell me how to dispose of my estate to the best advantage."

"In what line of work are you most interested?" asked Eugene Maxfield.

"I hardly know that I have any preference. I am interested in all lines of church work. Please advise me what to do."

Mr. Maxfield studied a moment and then asked, "With which bank do you do business?"

"The Central Bank. Why do you ask?"

"I would suggest that you transfer all of your securities to the president of the Central Bank, and let him act as your trustee until you advise him what disposition to make of them.

"Then write to the various church organizations for their application blanks and sample bonds. Look into their resources, work, and business management, and see if they are good for the annuity payments. Then decide for yourself how to distribute your money, so as to give you the best

returns and also to protect your boys. 'Safety First' is a very good business motto."

"All right, Mr. Maxfield. I'll go to the bank this afternoon. If you can sell my real-estate holdings I will convert the proceeds into Life Annuity Bonds for myself and two sons.

"Please do not mention this matter to anyone. Will you please write the letters for me? I'm afraid my sons, if they suspected what I was doing, would intercept my mail."

Eugene Maxfield gladly consented to write to the organizations, for he saw a large field of opportunity for doing good looming up before him. He also saw the necessity of securing the most successful real-estate agent whom he could find to help dispose of this property.

Chapter XXXV

TEMPTATIONS

> Honest bread is very well—it's the butter that makes the temptation.
>
> —Douglas Jerrold.

PROF. EDWARD WILSON, the band master, called one day at the hotel to see Mr. Maxfield. He said, "It was my privilege to see your last play. I had heard of the success of the preceding plays. Let me congratulate you upon your good luck.

"Are you willing to bring your company to Riverside and give the pageant there? I can get our orchestra to furnish the music. We can make some money out of it. Can I count on you?"

"No, sir. I'll not sanction anything of the kind," replied Eugene Maxfield, emphatically.

"Why, Mr. Maxfield, I'm helping you to get a brass band started in your town, and I think you ought to help me, for one good turn deserves another."

"I do not see that we are under any obligations to you, Mr. Wilson. We accepted your terms, and you have been paid every week for your services. Why should our people give their time to make money for you?"

"Oh, everybody is working for what money they can get. We can sell enough tickets to fill the largest hall in River-

side. There will be good money in it for both of us," replied Mr. Wilson.

"My brother, I'm not working for filthy lucre. The best things are always free. There has been so little expository preaching of the Word in this community that the people know little of the Old Testament history. This pageant has been given to take the place of sermons. If I had preached these same sermons from the pulpit, comparatively few people would have heard them. The people have learned much more about the Bible history by seeing it reproduced on the stage."

"I guess that's so," admitted Mr. Wilson. "I also saw the cantata your children gave and I have learned more about the Feast of the Passover than I ever knew before. I wish all our people could have seen that play, for it was certainly fine."

"Now, my brother, if your people are willing to accept our terms, we might be induced to come over to Riverside and give your citizens the whole series of plays," replied Eugene Maxfield.

"What are your terms?" Mr. Wilson asked.

"I am not prepared to say on the spur of the moment, for several things will have to be taken into consideration. But I can let you know in a short time. I would first like to confer with your pastors. Will you ask them to call on me?"

"All right, parson. I'll see them. Good day."

A few days later two of the Riverside pastors called on Eugene Maxfield. They said that the people of Riverside

would willingly pay all expenses to have the historical plays given in their city.

Mr. Maxfield said, "Brethren, what is your motive in wanting us to give these plays in Riverside?"

"Why, it would be a fine entertainment for our town. Our people would enjoy seeing them, and besides, it would be a good money-maker. Both of our Churches are behind on our salaries."

"My friends, I did not come here to run a show. I came to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, and to help build up his kingdom on earth. If I can help you along spiritual lines, I am at your service."

"We certainly need your help," they assented. "Our young folks are not consecrating their lives to the service of Christ. The spiritual life of our Church is at low tide. Our people love music, and we thought your plays would appeal to them, and perhaps we could get them interested in the church work again."

"After we gave these plays," said Mr. Maxfield, "our people voted to repeat them, and also to arrange for a new pageant which I am just beginning to prepare on the life of Christ.

"How many years has it been since you had a large outpouring of the Holy Spirit at Riverside, and added large numbers such as shall be saved to the Church?"

"Let me see. It must be about ten years since we had an old-fashioned revival at Riverside," one of the men replied.

"Brethren, for some time I have been considering the advisability of preparing a series of plays on the question, 'What think ye of Christ? Whose son is he?' Each one

of the plays would represent a group of people talking among themselves about Christ, his coming foretold, his birth, his sayings, his works, and a general discussion for and against the Messiah.

"The first play would show what the Jewish chief priests and scribes said and did after Christ drove the money-changers out of the temple. The second would represent the curious crowd talking with the woman of Samaria to whom Christ said, 'Give me to drink.' The third play would show what the neighbors and Pharisees said and did after Christ healed the blind man. The fourth, the testimony of Mary Magdalene, Peter, John, Thomas, and the other disciples concerning Christ after he arose from the tomb. And the last play would narrate the conversation of the people who met in the upper room after Christ ascended.

"My thought is for our young people to unite in giving these plays alternately in the two towns, and after the last play has been given, for us to wind up with a big union revival of religion. We would engage the best evangelist and his corps of workers that we could secure to lead the movement. The evangelist, when making a personal plea for men to accept Christ as their personal Saviour, would call the attention of the people to Christ's divinity, sympathy, power, love and sacrifice as set forth in these narratives. How does that strike you?"

"That is just the thing, brother. We will gladly help you."

As the roads were usually good in September and October, and the farmers were not so busy then, it was agreed to give "The Sacrifice" early in September.

On Tuesday evening Eugene Maxfield told the Tribe of Israel about the proposed union for the new series of plays, and they were heartily in favor of the plan.

Mr. Maxfield was instructed to make inquiries as to the availability of an evangelist who could assist them in a union revival; a man who felt called of God for evangelistic work; one who had successfully passed a rigid examination by the Evangelistic Board of his denomination, was approved and recommended by them; one who had had considerable experience and had proven successful in winning souls; one who had no objectionable features or fads to present, nor devoted much of his time to securing a big offering for himself.

A man who had a mind to work for the upbuilding of the Church and community. A man who when he left a community left a stronger tie between pastors and their congregations.

Chapter XXXVI

THE CHOIR

> Music washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life.
>
> —Auerback.

QUITE often Eugene Maxfield spent Monday morning with old Mr. Crawford. This particular morning Mr. Crawford made the remark, "Our choir do not sing with the spirit and with the understanding."

"Brother Crawford, I think you will soon notice an improvement in the choir singing."

That afternoon Mr. Maxfield called on all the members of his choir and on some of the other singers of the town and asked them to meet him at the church that evening.

When all had assembled Mr. Maxfield said, "My friends, I invited you here to talk to you about the importance of song in the church service. You remember the old saying:

> 'Some to the church repair,
> Not for the doctrine, but for the music there.'

"I believe that you all wish to make our church music an important factor in our worship. Am I right?"

"Yes, sir," they answered, with one accord.

The minister said, "St. Paul in writing to the Church at Corinth said, 'We have diversities of gifts but the same spirit.' To you has been given the gift of song. If you sing with the spirit and with the understanding you do well, but without love the gift is valueless.

"First of all, let me thank you for following out the suggestion that you speak the words of the songs so plainly that the congregation can understand them. Several persons have spoken to me of this improvement in the choir music.

"May I ask, are you all Christians? If not, are you willing to accept Christ as your personal Saviour?"

Most of them admitted they were Christians at heart, but all had not made a public confession of their faith or united with the Church.

Mr. Maxfield asked, "What is the purpose of song in our service? Do you sing for the glory of God or for the praise of men? Let each answer these questions for himself or herself.

"I have a few suggestions to make which I hope you will adopt. Let us consecrate our voices to the Lord's service. Each Sunday morning before coming to church let us ask God to make us a blessing to others. Then before we take our places on the platform let us have a few minutes of prayer together, asking God to bless the message and the song. Are you willing to do this?"

They replied, "We are."

Eugene Maxfield shook hands with each one and said, "I thank you for your hearty support of my suggestions. I feel sure that God will richly bless our labors.

"Dwight L. Moody said, 'The best way to get to heaven is to take the oar of faith in one hand and the oar of works in the other, and pull ahead.' We should take up some line of work in Christ's name so that men seeing our good works will glorify our Father which art in heaven."

"What do you want us to do?" they asked.

Mr. Maxfield answered, "I have been told there are children in this town whose parents cannot afford to dress them as well as many of our Church members dress their children so they do not attend Sunday School. I will preach a sermon on the evils of overdress in the house of God, and I will ask you to see that all the needy children of Jamestown have good clothes, so that they will not be ashamed to attend the church services, and moreover let them be given a hearty welcome when they do come."

"That's a big job, Mr. Maxfield. We have to work all day, and have not time for much of this kind of work; besides the Woman's Club looks after clothing for the poor children," said one of the girls.

"I know you are busy and so am I," said the minister. "It's the busy people who do things. I think you will find others willing to help if you take the lead in the matter. The Church, not the club, ought to help the poor."

"That's so, Mr. Maxfield. Yes, we'll take up this work for your sake," said one of the choir ladies.

"No, my sister, not to please me, but for our Master's sake."

"I tell you, girls, we might cut out some of our regular club meetings, and sew some afternoon for these children," said Alice Horner.

"My brother has lots of old pants, coats, and shirts. We might get some patterns and cut them over for these children," said Hattie Peters.

"Let's do it," cried the choir.

An elderly lady said, "I think it would be much better to organize an Associated Charities and have some system about our giving."

"But," protested Mrs. Brown, "a few persons cannot do all this work. We have so many clubs here where many of the men who make good wages spend their money in gambling instead of supporting their families.

"They send their children to school poorly clad, and often without any breakfast, so as to enlist the sympathies of the teachers and their friends."

"Well, should we let the children suffer?" asked one of the girls impulsively.

"It is a universal law, which we cannot change, that the sins of the parents are visited upon their children," said the elderly woman.

Mrs. Clark said, "I propose that we start a Friendly Society and invite the mothers to an all-day sewing each week this winter. I am sure the good warm dinner we would serve at noon would be an inducement for some of the women to come.

"We can cut out the garments and show the mothers how to make them. We ought also to pay the mothers fifty cents a day for their services. Some of them won't be worth it, but, no doubt, these will need our help and encouragement the most.

"We can get enough members to finance the Society. The merchants are always willing to give us shop-worn garments and remnants which do not sell quickly.

"The mothers will take heart again when they see their children comfortably dressed like other children, and they will try to make their homes more attractive."

"Oh, this will be too much work," complained one of the girls.

"Well, we cannot expect to accomplish anything worth while in this life except we make personal sacrifices," said the elderly woman.

The discussion ended in a Friendly Society being organized.

It solved the problem so well that no longer was any poor, pinched children's faces seen on the streets of Jamestown. Wage-earners were not humiliated by seeing their children clothed in cast-off garments of more frugal people. Instead of spending their money in gambling the men began taking their families to the movies, which was certainly a step in advance of the old regime.

"Is there anything else that you want us to do, Mr. Maxfield?" asked one of the school-teachers.

"Yes, we ought to interest more people in our Church, and the best way is to give them something to do. Why not ask your pupils to be on the Flower Committee to supply flowers for the church each Sunday, and after the services to distribute them to the sick and afflicted? It will teach them to have a part in the church work.

"And lastly, I advise you to donate the sum of thirty dollars a year for the support of a native helper in a foreign

field where it is daylight when we have night here. Thus our work will go on day and night without interruption."

When all present had agreed to accept Mr. Maxfield's suggestions, the reorganized choir sang,

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

Before separating, Eugene Maxfield offered an earnest prayer that God would bless the choir in their self-consecration and work of love. Before he arose from his knees he heard some one sobbing, and pausing for a moment heard one of the young ladies say, "O, my God, help me to be a laborer together with Thee in winning souls."

Eugene Maxfield wiped his eyes and said, "Amen."

Chapter XXXVII

THE RESTORATION

He hath no need of property
Who knows not how to spend it.
—Thackeray.

EARLY one morning the hotel clerk said to Mr. Maxfield, "Mr. Williams wants you to call at his bank at twelve o'clock today."

When the young preacher arrived at the bank Mr. Williams said, "Please go home with me to lunch. Mrs. Williams is expecting you."

When they were seated at the table, Mr. Williams said, "Perhaps you thought we were very dilatory in making up our minds about our gifts to the city. There were so many things to be taken into consideration, and we had to weigh each one carefully so as to find out how we could make the best investment of our money and at the same time benefit the most people.

"Some days ago Mrs. Keenman called at the bank and asked me what I thought of the life annuity plan. She had had some correspondence with the secretary of our Missionary Society and had learned that they were doing quite a large life annuity business. They are willing to pay her a fair rate of annuity. She wants to provide in this way for all her children and grandchildren. Since then I have ca-

fully investigated this plan and heartily approve of it. I advised her to accept the offer made her for her orchard and farm lands, and to put the money into the Missionary Society's Life Annuity Bonds.

"I have men in my factory who have made money for me. These men have not been educated so as to handle money properly, so it would be unwise for me to divide my profits with them. Yet my wife and I wish to do something for the common good.

"I bought that grove north of town, and I will have a landscape gardener beautify it, and then I will present it to the city for a park.

"We have decided to build a township high school and have a good library in it, and rooms for manual training, home economics, and household science, so that our young folks may receive a practical education and be prepared to fill their place in the world's work.

"We will also provide an up-to-date playground. Children need to be taught how to play so as to develop their bodies.

"I have never tithed our income. But since I have been the church treasurer I have read about the advantages of tithing as set forth in the Bible. I am convinced that the law of tithing holds good today. We ought to give at least one-tenth of our possessions to the Lord.

"I have carefully figured up my assets, and I find that the grove and the school building and its equipments will cost about one-tenth of what I am worth.

"I have been corresponding with several of our church societies and colleges, and we have decided to buy Life Annuity Bonds of the Old Preachers' Society, Church and

Parsonage Society, and several of our denominational colleges for the benefit of our old, faithful employees. We will also buy some Life Annuity Bonds from the Missionary Societies for ourselves and for a certain young lady whom we all know."

The preacher was embarrassed by the remark, and, shifting his chair, he said, "I guess you are one of the men whom the Lord had in mind when he said, 'Sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven.' "

"Mr. Maxfield," said the banker, "I've worked hard all my life and I have accumulated much money. Neither have I spared my men. True, I've paid them a living wage and given them and their families a picnic once a year. Nevertheless, I always looked out for number one in all my dealings with them.

"A few weeks ago you preached from the text, 'One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren.' That being true I thought it was about time we were treating our employees more like members of the family. Since we have had a new vision of our opportunities and responsibilities we have experienced a greater joy in our religion. We are now realizing what it is to have a living faith.

"It seems to me that the Young Men's Christian Association is accomplishing much these days. They have not been fully appreciated in the past. Do you know whether they are doing a life annuity business, Mr. Maxfield?"

"Yes, sir, to a limited extent only. I am told that as soon as the demand for them to do an annuity business exists they will take it up in earnest."

"Well, we will include them in our list of places for purchasing of Life Annuity Bonds.

"Now, Mr. Maxfield, here is where you come in. We want you to take a month's vacation, and visit some colleges and learn about their work, their needs, their plans, their business systems, and what people say about their work, and report the same to us."

"We're not," stammered the minister, "I mean I'm not ready to take a vacation."

"But," continued Mr. Williams, ignoring the preacher's embarrassment, "I think the people of this town will appreciate you more if you take a vacation. You can get a good man to supply your pulpit, and he and Miss Fannie can look after things in general while you are away. I am willing to pay all the expenses of your trip."

"I thank you, Mr. Williams, for your generous offer. I will be glad to avail myself of the opportunity if I can render you any service. The colleges will soon be closing up their year's work, and it will be a good time to inspect them. After the nervous strain I have been under recently, a change will do me good."

"Yes," said Mr. Williams, "we realize that you have been working very hard, and you are too valuable a man to break down now. You know the saying, 'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.' If you have any preference for a substitute while you are away we will try to get him."

"I would rather have Dick Crawford than any man I know of," said Mr. Maxfield.

"Dick Crawford! Why, he's no preacher, he's only a student," exclaimed Mr. Williams.

"Yes, that is true," said Eugene Maxfield, "but he is studying for the ministry. It will be a good thing for him to practise on his home folks, and it will help him on his college expenses. He knows the people here, and he would hold them together and not get things in a snarl while I am away."

"Well, I guess you are right. May I suggest a topic for your next sermon, Mr. Maxfield?"

"Why, certainly, Mr. Williams."

"The text that I have in mind is this, 'It is expedient for you that I go away.' That will break the news gently. Some will surmise that you are going to resign. I will make a motion that we grant you a month's leave of absence if you will furnish a substitute. When you get back home you will be rested and ready for another season of hard work."

Chapter XXXVIII

A LOTTERY

> Use thy best vase today, for tomorrow it may, perchance, be broken.
>
> —The Talmud.

EUGENE MAXFIELD telephoned to Dick Crawford and secured his consent to supply the pulpit for a month. He told him that he would not be expected to do any pastoral work.

At the close of the sermon on Sunday morning, Mr. Williams made a motion for the Church to give Mr. Maxfield a month's vacation. The motion was carried without a dissenting voice.

One of the Church members arose and said, "Pastor, may I make a motion?"

"You may," answered Mr. Maxfield.

"I move that we increase Mr. Maxfield's salary five hundred dollars a year. Since I have been tithing my income I find that a surplus has accumulated in the Lord's tithe, as I call the account on my books, and I would like to increase my subscription on the salary one hundred dollars a year."

The motion was promptly seconded and carried unanimously. The increase for the preacher's salary was soon subscribed.

Others spoke of an increase in their income, due they believed to adopting the tithing system.

Sunday afternoon Eugene Maxfield called on Miss Townsend. She promised to send him a weekly report of the church news during his absence. She was such a practical girl and was so interested in the church work, he bethought himself how happy he would be if he could have her for a helpmate through life.

One of the elderly ladies of the Church who had noticed his admiration for Miss Townsend, thus accosted him: "Mr. Maxfield, there's no use in your trying to make a shine with Fannie Townsend. She's turned down several offers of marriage from men who have lots more money than you'll ever have. I know a good girl who would make a preacher a good wife."

Eugene Maxfield thanked her for her interest in his behalf and cleverly turned the conversation to the work of the Church.

After the evening service Mr. Williams invited the preacher to go home with him and have a bite to eat. After the lunch he gave him a list of the colleges he wished him to visit. Dropping into a confidential tone he told him how he had planned to settle up his estate.

The banker said, "Mr. Maxfield, I'm convinced that a man should set his house in order while he has the ability to do so. I believe it is entirely wrong to hold on to our possessions to the close of this mortal life, and then expect others to administer our estate wisely and carry out our wishes. I have known of so many wills being broken and the wishes of the deceased set at naught that I have decided not to make

any will. A lawsuit causes enmity and a loss of property, for after the lawyers have taken their fees and the court expenses are paid there is not much left for the heirs.

"A recent investigation has shown the value of saving. Statistics prove that out of every eighty men who have attained the age of sixty-five one will be wealthy, five will be on Easy Street, nine able to support themselves, and sixty-five will be dependent upon relatives, friends, or charity for support.

"Many of these men had some natural ability, education, and money, and if they had saved their earnings, would doubtless have had a fair degree of success.

"This research convinces me that the life annuity plan is the most advantageous way to provide for the future.

"An eminent authority said, 'Will-making is the great post-mortem lottery of civilized man. His will is, as it were, a lottery ticket which he buys to give away, and whether those to whom he gives the ticket draw prizes or blanks determines whether or not the will is cracked.'

"Many wills are made in that period technically known as second childhood, and it is not hard to prove that the testator, if not crazy, was at least eccentric. If neither of these points are sufficient to set the will aside they prove the maker was unduly influenced."

"You are right, Mr. Williams," said the minister. "Few people can handle money wisely. One generation accumulates money and property and the next generation spends it. Or in other words it is only 'three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves.'

"One of the largest life insurance companies in the United States recently reported that seventy-five per cent of life insurance money left to widows and orphans was lost inside of five years by extravagant living and making unwise investments.

"Quite a number of religious and educational organizations are engaged in a life annuity campaign. I am convinced that Life Annuity Bonds are the best class of investments to be found anywhere."

"I'm surprised," said Mr. Williams, "that these organizations did not adopt this system many years ago. The more I learn about the plan the better I like it. I think it is an excellent way to handle our resources to the best advantage.

"The college needs money today more than ever because the country and the world need its services more than ever. The prime need of the next generation will be men—men of clear vision, straight logic, deep convictions and unselfish devotion.

"It seems to me that if I distribute my fortune on the annuity plan among a large number of religious organizations and educational institutions it will have a threefold result. First, it will cause many Boards of Directors to adopt better business methods. Secondly, the Boards will secure more money by adopting the life annuity plan than they do by outright donations obtained by solicitation. And lastly, it will help popularize the life annuity system."

It was long past midnight when the conference was ended, and as Eugene Maxfield walked down the street he whistled,

"Oh how happy are they, who their Saviour obey."

Chapter XXXIX

DICK'S SERMON

> We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen.
>
> —St. John.

WHEN the Jamestown papers came out that week they contained the following notice:

> A reception will be held at Ice-Cream Alley on Saturday evening to welcome Mr. Maxfield's substitute, who will preach on Sunday at the Central Church. Here's a tip—be there.

The club-house was kept open six nights a week, and people enjoyed going there because they felt so much at home.

When the people gathered at the club-house they were agreeably surprised to see Dick Crawford, but they were disappointed in not seeing the stranger whom they expected to see.

They asked Dick, "Who's going to preach tomorrow?"

He replied, "Oh, some young guy from the college."

At the breakfast table on Sunday morning Rev. Elias Crawford said to his son, "Richard, I am fearful that brother Maxfield contemplates removing from our city. I am beginning to enjoy his sermons. He is very zealous in his work. Do you know who will preach for us today?"

"I doubt, dad, if there will be much of a sermon. Oh, yes; Reddy told me that you were to introduce the speaker, and he'd meet you at the church."

Dick sought refuge in his den until the first church-bell had rung. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford were as usual among the first arrivals at the church. As the time of preaching drew near and no preacher showed up, Mr. Crawford became very restless. He said to Mr. Williams, "If the new preacher does not come, may I preach this morning?"

"The man will be here all right, brother Crawford."

When Dick Crawford entered the church he took his father by the arm and, to his amazement, led him to the platform.

Dick said, "Dad, Reddy asked me to preach for him during his absence. I want you to give out the hymn, offer the prayer, and then introduce me."

The congregation saw a touching sight which they would not soon forget. Mr. Crawford hugged and kissed his son, and cried like a child. The two men knelt on the platform, and the father's prayer melted the hearts of his hearers. There was scarcely a dry eye in the audience.

Mr. Crawford was so overcome by his emotion that he forgot to give out a hymn, and by way of introduction he said, "Here's Richard. You know him. He's going to talk to us." The old man wiped his eyes and sat down.

Dick turned to his father and lovingly said, "Dad, you've hit the nail on the head this time, for the folks here surely know me. If you will please announce a hymn we will proceed with the services."

In making the announcements Dick Crawford said, "If you folks are here this evening you will have the pleasure of hearing a friend of mine tell about the new mission work at Riverside. I feel sure you will be interested in what the speaker will say."

Taking from his pocket his manuscript, in his nervousness Dick dropped it on the floor, which caused a smile among a number of the young people. Picking up the scattered sheets he wiped the perspiration from his face and said, "Reddy asked me to preach to you while he is away. This is a new stunt for me, and I ask you not to criticize me too severely. If you will assist me with your prayers and attention I will try to do my best."

Dick read his text, "They do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible."

Then laying his manuscript aside Dick Crawford said, "I thought that Winning the Game would be a good topic for today.

"There were two crowns sought the first Sunday that Reddy Maxfield was in this town. Our baseball club was anxious to win the game that they might obtain the praise of our people. Reddy was after the incorruptible crown which is given to those who serve the Lord.

"You folks have worked hard to help Reddy build up the Church. Much has been accomplished, and even the fame of Ice-Cream Alley has spread to the neighboring towns. But if you folks expect to receive the crown of glory, it will be necessary for you to accept Christ as your personal Saviour.

"When the Master fed the five thousand he said, 'Ye seek me, not because of the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled.'

"I know that Reddy Maxfield is anxious for you folks to win the game of life and receive an incorruptible crown.

"You heard my dad's prayer that God would bless this service. As many of you as earnestly desire to win the race, and are willing to accept Christ and confess him before men, obey his commands, and live consistent Christian lives, please come forward."

Five adults and seven children responded to the invitation. Rev. Elias Crawford cried for joy, and, as he knelt beside the new converts, he poured out his heart in a prayer of thanksgiving to God for hearing and answering the prayers of his servants.

The converts, one after another, testified of God's forgiveness of their sins, and their desire to be soul winners.

After the service was ended one of the members of the choir said to Dick, "Our choir has a prayer-meeting in the lecture-room of the church before every preaching service. This morning we prayed that souls would be saved, and God has answered our prayers. Glory to His name!"

Dick replied, "That's the stuff. I felt that there was fire in the service, and that God would answer our prayers."

Chapter XL

THE RIVERSIDE MISSION

I quote others only the better to express myself.
—Montaigne.

ON SUNDAY evening the church was packed, for Dick that afternoon had urged many people to be on hand for the evening service.

After the opening hymn a stranger entered the church and went direct to the platform. He was seated next to Rev. Crawford, who had come out to the evening service.

In introducing the speaker, Dick said, "Instead of my making any formal or lengthy introduction of my friend, Never Sweat, I'll do as dad did this morning and simply say he's going to talk."

The stranger offered a short prayer that the Holy Spirit would direct his talk and that the words might bear fruit in the hearts of his hearers.

Stepping down from the platform he said, "I am known in Riverside as Never Sweat. In fact many people do not know my right name. My father was a very wealthy man and he never required much of me, and allowed me more spending money than was good for me.

"Before I was grown I stole a purse of money from my father's desk and ran away from home. When the money

was all gone, like the prodigal, I returned home. Father did not reprove me for my sin. In fact, I overheard him tell mother that 'boys had to sow their wild oats.'

"Soon after that I became reckless and was often in company with bad men. My mother died in a short time, and now I am convinced that her wayward boy caused her to die of a broken heart. I know she shed many bitter tears over my sinful life, and I would give the world, if it were mine, to have her back so I could tell her how sorry I am for causing her so much sorrow.

"While I had ample funds I boasted that I never sweat at my work, and as the world owed me a living that I would never sweat in doing any work whatever.

"Finally I became such a disgrace to my folks that I left home again, determining never to return.

"One day while under the influence of liquor I was arrested and sent to the penitentiary. I never had any recollection of committing the crime of which I was accused, and I have good reason to believe that it was committed by one of the other men in our party.

"During my incarceration I saw the error I had made, or rather the error my father had made in his lack of training me, so when I was free I returned home once more.

"I found that my father was broken in health, his fortune nearly all consumed, and that he was living with a young woman who had married him for his money.

"My folks were ashamed to have a jail bird around, and as I could not find any congenial employment I determined to commit suicide. On my way to the river to carry out my rash purpose I passed the Riverside Mission.

"Our friend Dick was standing on the sidewalk in front of the mission. As I approached him he put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'My brother, do you need a friend?'

"I replied, 'You bet, Mister, I do.' I told him I was hungry and asked him for a dime to get something to eat. The devil in me was crying for whiskey and I wanted a dime to get a drink. Dick took me around the corner to a lunch room and paid for my supper.

"He invited me into the mission and curiosity led me to accept his invitation.

"It was the first time I had ever been in a mission. It was a wonderful meeting. After hearing the testimony of men who said that Jesus had taken away all desire for whiskey and that he was the best friend they ever had, I had a desire to give up my old habits and try to be a man.

"When the leader of the meeting asked those who wanted to begin a new life by accepting Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour to come forward I hit the trail. I knelt in front of the platform and one of the workers knelt beside me and taught me to pray, 'Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner.'

"Jesus heard my prayer and forgave my sins. I went forth a new man in Christ Jesus. That was just six months and five days ago. Jesus took away my desire for booze and has kept me day by day from yielding to temptation. Praise his name!

"Dick asked me to tell you about our work at the mission. There were a lot of unfortunates at Riverside when the slave works shut down last fall. Dick and some of the other shrimps at the brain factory decided to start a mush house in a vacant joint.

"They called on one of the main salve slingers and asked him to come across. This preacher said he was doing his bit and gave so many excuses for not helping put it over that they knew he was only a piker, and the boys dubbed him 'Our hot air merchant.'

"They took a slant at one of the swell guys who has lots of rocks and asked him to cough up enough coin to get the mission started, but he was a tight wad and said that his taxes were so high that he could not afford to give them anything. He advised them to have a soft dough every banner time to keep the dump greased.

"The third slacker they saw gave them a lot of con talk and a cold shake. Another pray-thee-have-me-excused, whose wife is a member of the big joy factory, said he preferred to glimpse the good bed sheets rather than spread the salve, so Dick's bunch concluded he was only a spoiled four-flusher.

"Some of Dick's boys wanted to pass up the mission but Dick said he was no quitter.

"Finally they found in a kid's training camp a Jim-dandy pilot from the map who was willing to give a hand. Say, she's a pippin! Caruso is not in it when she warbles.

"The night the mission was opened Prof. Wilson's joy noise came down and their swell music drew a big crowd.

"Since I've been saved I cut out my old associates and coupled up with the boys and been playing the game ever since, and I make my home in the mission building.

"One hunting time a fine ace in the hole called and after asking many questions about our work he gave a hundred bucks to use in our midnight handout. He said to have

plenty of slaughterings, slabs, and axle grease, so as to keep the boys on their skids. He advised us not to do too much panhandling but to stick to the game.

"The Central Avenue Church folks gave us their scrap heap dream books, and we bought at an auction a real good jingle box for a few cartwheels.

"One of our yaps has painted a lot of fine Bible verses which are hung around the walls.

"One punk banner time when we started skyward the soft pickings our leader was sick and I was asked to deliver the heavenly salve. In my spiel I said, 'Ye are the salt of the earth.' A drunken man butted into the game and gave us some hot air. He said, 'Parson, you 've made a mistake. You mean ye are the fertilizer of the grit.' At first I thought he was trying to spike me but I guess he was level.

"Our stiffs who have been doing a bit say they prefer to attend the pickings rather than God's shacks.

"I am glad to know that Reddy's rats are making good. If you ever get discouraged, thinking everything is going to the everlasting bow-wows, pay Riverside Mission a call and see the modern miracle of men raised from the dead."

As Never Sweat finished his talk one of the girls turned to her chum and said, "Dick's friend is quite fluent in the use of the American language. I wonder if old Mr. Crawford understood all that he said."

Dick enjoyed the mystified looks of his congregation. They evidently did not understand the language of the street.

Chapter XLI

THE CELEBRATION

And make this our chief holiday.
—Watson.

WHEN Eugene Maxfield received his mail on Tuesday morning he found a letter from Mr. Williams, telling of the ingathering of converts when Dick Crawford drew in the net. His first impulse was to go home at once, but on second thought concluded that he had better go on with his investigations.

During the week Miss Townsend wrote to him a lengthy report of the reception and Dick's sermon. She expressed the hope that Mr. Maxfield was enjoying his vacation and that he would return to Jamestown with renewed health.

Eugene Maxfield rejoiced to hear how faithfully his friends carried on his work.

When Mr. Maxfield returned home, he made his report to Mr. Williams and was commended for his careful investigations.

Among many items in his report he said, "I have ascertained that as a successful horse race depends upon five things—good weather, a fast track, an enthusiastic crowd, a safe jockey, and a good horse—so five things are necessary to conduct a satisfactory life annuity business,—a good

organization, well-qualified directors, a large clientele, a good system, and proper tools."

"Since I heard Dick's friend, Never Sweat, speak," said Mr. Williams, "I realize how the life annuity system would have been a great blessing to his father and himself. If Never Sweat was receiving the annuity today he would be in a position to render financial assistance to the mission. This case reminds me of the old saying:

> 'For the want of a nail the shoe was lost,
> For the want of a shoe the horse was lost,
> For the want of a horse the rider was lost,
> For the want of a rider the battle was lost,
> For the want of a battle the kingdom was lost—
> And all for the want of a horseshoe nail.'

"I have gotten the park work well under way. It will be ready for use on the Fourth of July. What do you think about having the park dedicated on that day, Mr. Maxfield?"

"That would be fine. What suggestions have you to offer?" asked the minister.

"You have so many original ideas, Mr. Maxfield, I will leave the matter entirely in your hands."

"You flatter me, Mr. Williams. I will put on my thinking-cap and see what we can do."

Eugene Maxfield and Miss Townsend held many long consultations together—presumably about the church problems..

Her sister, Mrs. Edwards, said to her husband one day, "I guess it is going to be a match, all right."

The young minister had visited Dick Crawford, and received a report of his version of the work in Jamestown.

The first Sunday that Mr. Maxfield was at home, greatly to his joy nearly a score of new converts united with the Church.

The preacher thought about the park dedication by day and dreamed about it by night.

Early one morning he called at Mr. Williams' house and told him of a dream that he had. "I dreamed that your employees assembled at the factory and marched in a body to the park. When they came to the entrance they saw a large stone on which was engraved, 'All that thou shalt give me I will surely give a tenth unto thee.'

"When they entered the park they heard a large number of people chanting psalms. Much to my sorrow I awoke with a start by the blowing of the factory whistles.

"My suggestion would be for you to carry out this dream. Then after the singing that you present the park to the city. If you wish it, I will offer the dedicatory prayer. You might close the exercises with some familiar hymn or song to be sung by the audience."

"That's fine, Mr. Maxfield. We'll do it. You look after the music. I will have the stone ready, and invite my employees to attend the dedication. We will have our brass band head the procession. After the ceremonies are over we will have an old-fashioned barbecue dinner. After dinner the baseball club can have a game in the new athletic field at the park."

Everything was in readiness on the morning of the Fourth. The weather was fine. There was a big crowd in town, and everything went off to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned.

In Mr. Williams' presentation speech he paid a tribute to the honesty and faithfulness of his employees. He said, "Without your co-operation I could not have amassed such a large fortune. As a memorial to you I will name the park, The Factory Park.

"I have proven the assertion that, 'It is more blessed to give than it is to receive,' and I hope you will also have a like experience. Beginning with next pay-day each of you will receive a raise in your wages, and I ask you to do all in your power to help me increase the efficiency of our factory.

"Mr. Maxfield has told me that the money-sharks have been charging you a high rate of interest on loans they have made you. Hereafter when you need money come to me, and if your object is worthy, I will loan you what money you need at the legal rate of interest.

"It has been my observation that the modern factory does not develop the highest type of manhood.

"Having had some experience with the work of the Young Men's Christian Association I am prepared to say that their Physical Department is of great value in developing Christian manhood.

"I might say by way of explanation that the object of the Physical Department of the Young Men's Christian Association is to promote, by means of exercise, recreation, and education, the highest physical, mental, and moral efficiency of men and boys essential to the development of the best type of virile Christian manhood.

"I have secured from our state Y. M. C. A. one of our best physical instructors to teach you the exercises and

games that made the men of Greece famous for their strength, agility, and skill.

"During the summer these lessons will be given in the park in the evening so as not to interfere with your work. This instruction will be free to all our factory employees.

"The Big Brother Alliance—of which you may be charter members—will father this new movement.

"The business sessions and some of the socials will be held at Ice-Cream Alley.

"The supreme objective of the Young Men's Christian Association is to lead men and boys to a definite acceptance of the Christian ideal.

"The physical director, in all his physical work, will constantly keep in mind the relationship of right neuro-muscle habits in the development of character, and it is our earnest desire to see you become followers of the lowly Nazarene."

This speech was received with great applause.

During the baseball game Mr. Williams said to the preacher, "This has been one of the happiest days I have ever spent. I have had more real enjoyment today than I have had in many years. I don't know whether I want to go to heaven or not, for I'm having a heaven of my own down here."

"I am glad you are enjoying your work, Mr. Williams. You know the old hymn says,

'Heaven is not far away
When Jesus is near.'"

Chapter XLII

HALLOWE'EN

How shall we plan, that all be fresh and new—
Important matter yet attractive too.

—Goethe.

THE PREACHERS of Riverside and Mr. Maxfield prepared the outline for the New Testament pageant. The plays were all given as prearranged, but the union meetings were postponed, for the evangelist whom they selected could not come to Jamestown before the third week of October.

The meeting drew great crowds, and much interest was manifested from the first.

For many years the citizens of Jamestown had celebrated Hallowe'en with a gay masquerade parade. Many objectionable people mingled with the masqueraders, and under cover of a mask many liberties were taken.

Eugene Maxfield was a great reader. Late one night in looking over James Whitcomb Riley's works these lines caught his eye:

"An' the Gobble-uns 'll get you
Ef you don't watch out."

He saw at once the possibility of having an innocent Hallowe'en frolic under the auspices of the Church.

The minister asked the Tribe of Israel how they would like to try something new for Hallowe'en. He described the plan he had in mind and the novelty of it appealed to them.

Knowing that Dick Crawford would enjoy being at the Hallowe'en celebration and also be a valuable addition to it, Eugene Maxfield wrote to him and asked if he could be present.

Within a day or two he received the following characteristic letter from Dick:

My dear Reddy:
I shall think of it often,
The next Hallowe'en.
I can see the dear fellows,
The old village green.
How I long for the pleasure,
The good things to eat,
For the sweet pretty maidens
That play on the street.

But the fates are against me,
I cannot be there,
So I'll have to imagine
The pleasant affair.
You will kindly remember
Young Crawford, the brick,
I am yours very truly,
Fraternally, Dick.

Arrangements were made for the evangelist to hold a short service on Hallowe'en night. He entered heartily into the merry-making and had a good time.

Miss Fannie Townsend was not only a good organist but she was also a composer of music. Her best production was

"The Church Service." It represented the full church service —the voluntary, response, reading, chanting of the Lord's prayer, the dropping of the coins in the collection-basket, the sermon, the recessional, and the tramping of feet as the congregation left the church.

Eugene Maxfield asked her to compose a medley of popular songs which the band could play during the Hallowe'en parade.

The brass band was divided into two divisions. One division represented a Rube band. They wore fancy calico suits. The Rube band marched on one side of the street and played "A Hot Time in The Old Town." The other division of the band marched on the opposite side of the street and played the medley that Miss Townsend had arranged.

The Tribe of Israel wore their pageant costumes. Scores of others wore fantastic suits. After the church service the people hastily donned their masks and a parade was formed which marched through the business section of the city.

At the head of the procession a man carried a banner bearing this inscription:

"With frolic, antic, and caper combined
Every witch we shall fright out of mind."

Before the Tribe of Israel unmasked they made calls on numerous citizens. They rang each door-bell and left big envelopes marked, Instructions Inside. Each letter was sealed with a big red horseshoe seal. When the letters were opened it was found that each contained a request to do

some act of kindness—to send provisions to a certain family, a load of coal to a widow, blooming plants to the sick, and many other requests.

These gifts were to be taken or sent to the specified recipients before Thanksgiving Eve, for the first anniversary of the tithing experiment was to be celebrated on Thanksgiving Day.

The revival meetings continued six weeks, and many souls were saved. The converts united with the several Churches of Jamestown and Riverside. The Central Church received the largest addition to their membership because their people were on to their job.

One evening when Mr. Maxfield was walking home with Miss Townsend, she said, "Isn't this glorious? I wish this would go on forever."

"It can, if you will say 'yes,' Fannie."

"You mean thing! You know I didn't mean that," but she nestled closer to the preacher's arm.

The minister took the cue and said, "Fannie, will you be my wife?"

"Oh, I suppose I will have to say 'yes,' for you won't give me any peace until you win your point."

"Can you be ready in a couple of weeks?"

"Mercy, no! June is the proper month to be married."

"Why, sweetheart, what's the use of putting it off so long? Tell me, please, how soon can you be ready?"

"Oh, if you are in such a hurry, I expect I could be ready by the middle of December."

"Well, that will suit me. The meetings will be over, the Thanksgiving plans will be out of my system and the church

work can be put in good shape before we take our bridal trip."

When Fannie Townsend entered the house her sister put her arms around her and said, "Fannie, what makes you look so happy? Is it settled?"

Instead of answering her question she kissed her and ran up-stairs to her room. The next morning she told Mr. and Mrs. Edwards of her engagement. She said that she must go home and make her preparations for the wedding.

Mr. Edwards said, "You'll do nothing of the kind, Fannie. We'll have a shower and a big wedding for you here."

When the matter was reported to the minister, he asked, "Why can't we have the shower at Ice-Cream Alley? That's the popular place for all social functions in this town."

The night of the shower the club-house was filled with a merry crowd of their friends. There was much sport when the prospective bride opened the packages. The first one chanced to be a new broom which bore this inscription: "In sunshine use the bushy part, in storm the other end."

The presents were appropriate and numerous—leaving scarcely anything to be bought to furnish the new home.

Before the evening was over, the crowd insisted that the wedding be given at the club-house. As one of the inducements the Tribe of Israel promised to wear their pageant costumes and give the young couple a wedding breakfast.

Dick Crawford congratulated his old schoolmate and said, "I wish I was ordained so that I could marry you. You folks have a love for each other that don't freeze up in winter or die out in dog-days."

Chapter XLIII

THE WEDDING

The Synagogue was all agog
With animated dialogue,
    Methinks I hear them say:
It's written in the catalogue,
The preacher and the pedagogue
    Are going to wed today.
—John McLeod Sutherland.

A FEW days after the Hallowe'en frolic Eugene Maxfield received a large envelope bearing the Jamestown postmark. It was sealed with a big red horseshoe.

He opened the envelope with the presentiment that "Coming events cast their shadows before them." The letter looked as if several persons had had a hand in framing it. At the top of the page was printed in large letters, "He who laughs last laughs best." Beneath the quotation was a sketch of a pair of goats hitched to a small wagon on which was printed, "Not yet, but soon." Under the picture was written, "What shall be done unto the man whom the people delighteth to honor?" The communication was signed, The Localism Sufferers.

He put the letter in his pocket and wisely refrained from showing it to anyone.

The minister read over all the plays and could not find anything in the localisms to offend anyone. They were all good laugh-provokers but minus any sarcastic sting. He could not guess who had sent the letter, but he decided to keep his eyes open and watch for some one to let the cat out of the bag.

He remembered that one of the farmers living near Jamestown kept a pair of goats to keep his live stock healthy. He thought possibly some of the baseball boys were going to play a joke on him and ride him around town after the wedding. The fine penmanship, however, suggested that perhaps some jealous lady might have been the instigator of the letter. But as the days passed he was no wiser than at first in regard to the identity of the writer.

The week before Thanksgiving the Jamestown newspapers contained the following notice:

"To hear a certain report be at Ice-Cream Alley at 10:30 o'clock on Thanksgiving morning."

The young preacher was rejoiced to see a large number of people at the club-house. As the people met in the lobby they asked one another, "What's our preacher going to do next?"

He took for his text, "A good report maketh the bones glad." Mr. Maxfield spoke briefly about the habit of circulating good and bad reports, and gave a number of illustrations to prove his point.

He said, "It has been a year since many of you began tithing your incomes. The report we all are anxious to

hear is whether you wish to keep on with this system or discontinue it. Who will be the first to speak?"

One after another of the tithers gave their testimony as being in favor of continuing the tithing plan. One woman said, "I knowed there was some kind of a trick in it, for I never had such a big income in my life, and I've paid out lots more money for various objects than I wanted to, but I'll try it another year for luck."

The young preacher was rejoiced to see a large number signify their intention of becoming tithers.

Eugene Maxfield was so busy for the next few days that before he was hardly aware of it his wedding-day had arrived. Miss Townsend wanted her former pastor to marry them. Mr. Maxfield wanted Mr. Crawford to perform the ceremony, so they agreed to have both men officiate at the wedding.

Mr. Maxfield wrote out a new marriage ceremony which was to be read to the contracting parties and was to be signed by them in the presence of the guests. The ministers and as many of the guests as cared to affix their signatures were requested to sign it. In this ceremony the bride and groom declared their love for each other. They pledged themselves to share each other's joys and sorrows; and in case of separation they neither would remarry while the other lived; and they dedicated their lives to God's service.

Before the marriage ceremony was performed, the officiating minister was to read the marriage license and the health certificates of the bride and groom.

The Church granted their pastor thirty days' vacation. After the wedding ceremony it was the groom's intention to drive to Riverside so as to catch the fast train for the North

As the wedding march was being played, the chief of police of Jamestown appeared on the scene and placed the groom under arrest. He read to him the warrant which said that the Reverend Eugene Maxfield had violated Section seven of Article five of the ordinances of the city of Jamestown.

As it happened, the Mayor and other city officials were at the wedding. The Judge said that he would proceed to hear the case at once.

The charge preferred against the groom was for stealing property belonging to the city. It was proved that the bride was an employee of the Board of Education, and had not been granted a leave of absence, notwithstanding her resignation had been sent in several days previously. The jury held the preacher guilty. He was fined one cent which he paid and was given his liberty.

The marriage ceremony was very impressive. The decorations of the club-house were rather unique. Instead of the customary wedding-bell, above their heads was suspended a swinging shelf covered with flowers. On the shelf were two piles of books tied together with white ribbon. In one pile was a Bible, a hymn-book, a commentary, a dictionary, a lot of manuscripts, and a collection plate. In the other pile were a spelling-book, geography, a history, an arithmetic, hand-bell, and a rod.

The Tribe of Israel served an elegant breakfast, not forgetting their favorite ice-cream.

After the breakfast, as the newly-married couple entered an auto, Dick Crawford remarked, "They make a fine team, and will work well together. May God have mercy on their souls."

Rice and old shoes were thrown after them for good luck. The guests returned to the club-house, and Mr. and Mrs. Maxfield congratulated themselves upon getting away so easily.

They had only gone a short distance from town when the auto went dead. After much fruitless labor it was discovered that some one had taken nearly all the gasoline out of the tank.

The bridal couple were much perplexed. They feared that they would miss their train. Just as matters were becoming serious, about a dozen auto loads of the Tribe of Israel appeared.

The Maxfields were hurried into one of the autos and all reached Riverside in time for the newly-weds to catch their train, but the excitement made the young couple very nervous.

They could not eat much at the wedding breakfast. When they were settled in the Pullman they opened the lunch-box which the young folks had thoughtfully prepared for them. They were surprised to find a big envelope addressed to Reddy and his bride.

On opening the envelope, they found a draft for one hundred dollars, and a note saying, "Please accept this gift as a slight token of our love and esteem. We hope that you will have a long, happy and prosperous life. We are going

to build a parsonage, and we hope to have you with us for many years. The letter had many signatures.

Mrs. Maxfield said to her husband, "Isn't this glorious? I wish this would go on forever."

Her husband leaned over and whispered, "Sweetheart, you said that once before. Do you remember? Let us keep in mind the promise, 'No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.' "

Chapter XLIV

THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drank your water and wine;
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives ye led were mine.

—Kipling.

FIVE years had passed since the new Central Church at Jamestown was dedicated.

The new church was an edifice built after Eugene Maxfield's heart. It was constructed so that the thirty class rooms, each seating from twenty to one hundred persons, could each be partitioned off to itself or be thrown into a large auditorium.

The baseball club had donated the chime of ten bells, and they paid a man to play the bells at sunrise and sunset, for church services and on special occasions.

No longer was the name—Central Church—a misnomer. The name was now appropriate, for it was not only central in location, but it was the centre of activities for the Jamestown people.

The men and women, and boys and girls of Jamestown took a pride in wearing buttons with the initials, C. C. S. —Central Church School—on them.

The old adage, "All the Sunday School in the Church, and all the Church in the Sunday School," was supplanted

by the slogan, "All the people in both the School and the Church."

Eugene Maxfield and his wife had labored faithfully in season and out of season, and each day added to their enjoyment of the work.

Each year Mr. Maxfield carefully planned some new way of celebrating the anniversary of the new church. This year he spent much time in the preparation of the anniversary service.

When the eventful day arrived he took for his text, "Ye are my witnesses." After briefly reviewing the history of the Church during his pastorate, he said, "I have asked some of the people who have bought Life Annuity Bonds to write a few words of testimony regarding them, and, with your permission, I will read to you extracts from some of these communications."

"My life annuity investments have saved me many an anxious day and a sleepless night."

"I have experienced a sense of satisfaction that I never knew before."

"It has saved me from making unwise investments."

"I feel renewed in strength, and I believe that I will live longer because I bought a Life Annuity Bond."

"Because my father bought a Life Annuity Bond for me, it saved me from marrying a fortune hunter."

"We are glad that we bought a Life Annuity Bond before our son failed in business."

"I know that my health is better since we bought these bonds."

"As the annuity is always paid promptly, I can pay my bills when they are due."

"I wish that we had known that the Church was selling Life Annuity Bonds before we lost so much money."

"I am very thankful that brother Maxfield told us of this plan."

"Since we distributed our money, as Christ advised the rich young ruler to do, we have an increased income, plus contentment."

"I am glad that my money after my death will be used to further the Lord's work."

"This is the only investment that pays dividends in two worlds."

While Mr. Maxfield was reading the testimonials Mr. Mitchell arose from his seat. When the reading was finished Mr. Mitchell said in a rich, clear voice, "Mr. Maxfield, it may not be the proper thing for me to interrupt the service, for I have only been a member of the Church a short time, but for some unaccountable reason it seems that I must speak a word about this annuity plan if you will give me the privilege."

"Speak on," said Mr. Maxfield.

"A few years ago a tramp printer came to Jamestown and secured a position. He made a rather fine appearance when he was dressed up. He took part in the pageant of "The Sacrifice" and became acquainted with our daughter Ethel. I do not know why she took up with him but they were soon engaged to be married, and he asked Mr. Maxfield to perform the marriage ceremony.

"When I learned of the condition of affairs I offered Mr. Maxfield ten thousand dollars in cash if he would break up the match.

"He told me that if I did not have enough influence over my own daughter to convince her what was right in the matter that he certainly could not be expected to get her to change her mind.

"I had a talk with Ethel and she consented to postpone the wedding for a short time.

"When the annuity system was presented by that preacher who made it so clear that this was the only way to positively protect ourselves and loved ones from financial losses I bought several Life Annuity Bonds for the benefit of my wife, Ethel, and myself. I gave her one of the bonds and asked her to show it to this tramp printer.

"When she showed it to him he flew into a rage, threatened to sue me for alienating the affections of Ethel, and after a drunken debauch he left town between two days and has not been heard of since.

"Of course I'm glad this annuity plan was presented to us and I have never experienced such joy as we have had since I set our house in order."

After hearing these testimonies, many in the audience signified their intention of buying Life Annuity Bonds.

Eugene Maxfield said in conclusion, "I wish to add my testimony to the value of Life Annuity Bonds. I am glad that the Church recognizes the truth of the Saviour's words, 'Where your treasure is there will your heart be also.'

"I believe that tithing has been the most potent factor in this community for the upbuilding of our Church. God

values obedience more than sacrifice. Because you have tithed your incomes he has opened the windows of heaven and poured out such a blessing that it has made it possible for you to buy Life Annuity Bonds.

"You have naturally become more interested in the church work, for now that you have bought Life Annuity Bonds of the religious and educational organizations you are in reality partners in their work."

Before the last hymn was sung, Rev. Elias Crawford walked to the platform, and, facing the congregation, said, "My friends, words fail me to express my appreciation of the help you gave me when you bought that Life Annuity Bond for me.

"I daily thank my God, making mention of you always in my prayers, for your excellent gift. I feel the elasticity of youth in my veins, and I am tempted to make application for another charge. In the words of the psalmist I can testify that they who buy Life Annuity Bonds, 'Shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary.' "

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